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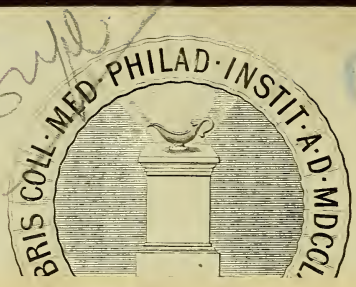

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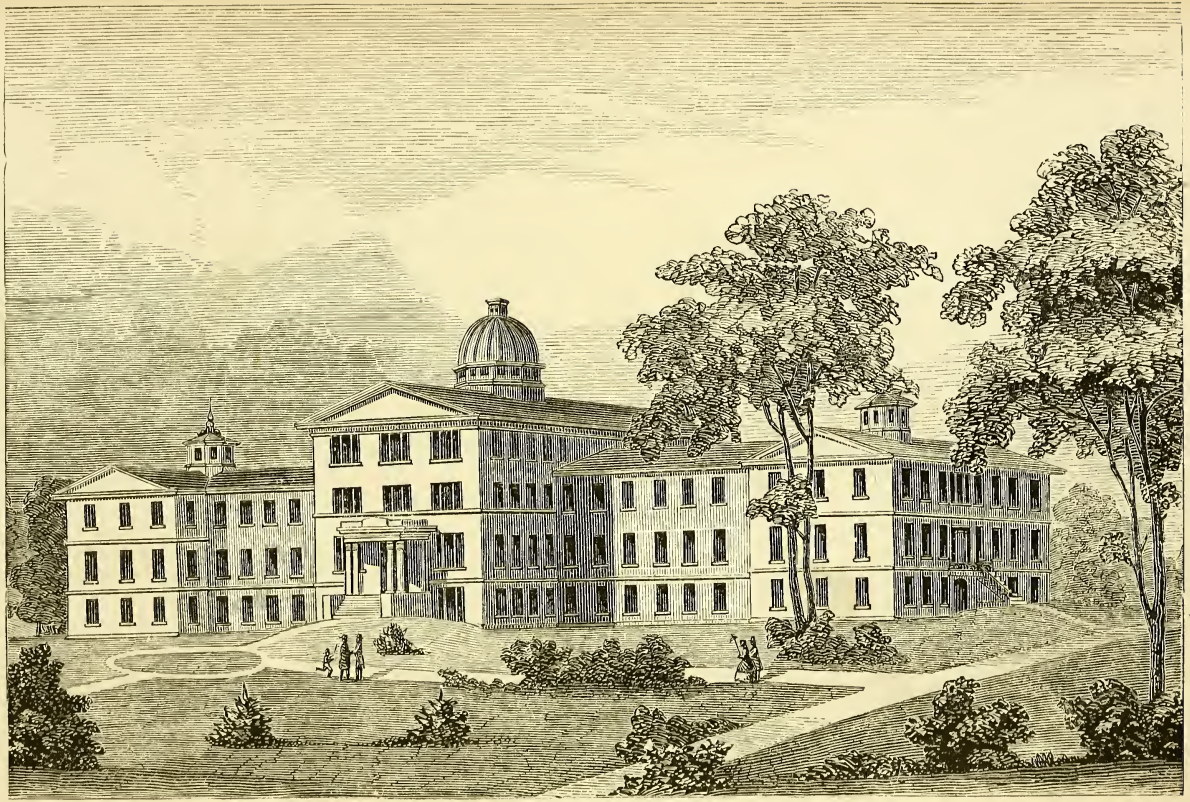

PENNSYLVANIA TRAINING SCHOOL FOR FEEBLE MINDED CHILDREN.

THE

MIND UNVEILED;

XX-11

OR,

cop. 1

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TWENTY-TWO

Imbecile Children.

"THERE IS A SPIRIT IN MAN, AND THE INSPIRATION OF THE ALMIGHTY GIVETH THEM UNDERSTANDING."

PHILADELPHIA:
U. HUNT & SON, No. 62 NORTH FOURTH STREET.
1858.

11 - XX

HENRY B. ASHMEAD, BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
George Street above Eleventh.

TO

MISS D. L. DIX,

THE

FAITHFUL FRIEND OF OUR INSTITUTION,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

The Author.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY JOSEPH PARRISH, M. D.

Among the greatest discoveries of the present century is the fact that Idiots may be redeemed, from their sorrowing night of ignorance and degradation, to enjoy the light of knowledge, and become co-laborers with their more favored fellow-men, in the productive interests of our social and Christian civilization.

This fact is demonstrated in the little volume before us; and the means that are employed for its accomplishment, are also described. In perusing it, I have been forcibly struck with the simple eloquence of the imperfect words and broken sentences, of the poor children who are noticed, and with the valuable lessons which they teach.

They not only have a claim upon us, but they have a message for us.

They represent different phases of imbecility, as it is manifest in different spheres of life.

Feeble-mindedness comes not to the poor alone, where it casts a deeper gloom over the home of want; but it visits the mansions

of the rich, and looks all the more ghastly, in the midst of the luxury with which it is surrounded among the lofty of earth.

In the domestic circle, it is a sad evil everywhere. It weighs heavily upon parents, and bedews the hearth of home with drops of grief.

Within the friendly, social circle, it is an eye-sore spot from which every one turns, with either pity or disgust; and in the community at large, it is a burden which taxes the public purse, and calls loudly for relief.

This book is put forth, to awaken a more general interest in the hearts and minds of Christian people, in the good work of training and instructing idiots. It is true, that they bear the humblest form of humanity, but yet they have an exalted mission to the children of men.

They appeal to the heart, to keep alive its sympathies; to the mind, to awaken research; to each faculty of the mind to strengthen and perfect it.

They teach the wise, how foolish is their wisdom; the lofty, how easily the pride of man, may be made ashamed; the rich, that moth and rust will corrupt their treasure, if it is not bestowed on the poor: and they present their deformity before a vain world, proclaiming that idiotcy with all its loathsome characteristics, is not the fault of those who bear its mark, but that it comes, and rests like a cloud over all their nature, as the result either of Providence or accident, over which short-sighted men seem to have no control.

The slender limbs of the idiot, totter under the weight of his feeble frame, as a type of parental or ancestral infirmity, to teach a rash and hasty world, the silent, yet impressive lesson, that every law of nature, disregarded, reacts upon the successive developments which are the result of its exercise, with sad and fearful consequences.

No man pretends that his finger will not be burned, if he holds it in the fire, or that his conscience will not suffer the sting of reproof, if he tramples upon the moral law; and yet we ignorantly err in our modes of life and social arrangements, and as a result, the physical constitution lacks the elements of strength which give it energy, while the mental and moral power is enfeebled for the want of a natural vital balance in the body. Insanity, blindness, deafness, idiotcy, and all the catalogue of diseases, physical and mental, have their source in the same fact,—a departure from the laws of nature.

A deficiency in the plasm, or mould from whence a human being begins his life, or a defect in the vital process by which his successive development is continued, must be exhibited in some deficiency of expression, either in the body or mind, or both.

We cannot build a sound and sea-worthy ship out of ill-seasoned or knotty timber, nor yet drive one that is sound and sea-worthy successfully across the ocean with tattered sails, or stupid pilot, or drunken commander; and yet the human race is being multiplied, in the midst of all the luxuriance and extravagance of a boasted civilization, and imperfect men and women are launched

upon the ocean of life, without a warning or a fear. How few of them live out the allotted span, the sad records of the world can only tell. And then, the few who may start out well built and well equipped, as they rush madly on in the race for riches, or labor with all their might to find the goal of highest fame; how soon they fall, as shattered wrecks, upon the wave.

Such is the short history of human infirmity; such the source of our long list of social evils—they belong to us, and are of ourselves. Then how potent the obligation, to provide for the suffering, who are around us on every hand.

There exists no brighter, or more beautiful evidence of the divine clemency than, that, in the midst of all this unnatural and perverted life, the same society that inflicts the evil, is endowed with the means to restore and humanize those who are forsaken. And if any class has a strong claim upon the sympathies and aid of a people, whose prosperity is only allowed them that they may do good with their abundance, surely it is the little children who are left by the bare hand of penury, and the cold heart of a thoughtless world, as a legacy to the rich and benevolent—that, by giving to such, they may lay up treasure where there is no consuming rust, to spoil the glitter of their gold, but where it shall all come back to them, in smiles, and blessings, and crowns of everlasting value.

Pennsylvania Training School,
Germantown, 1858.

CHAPTER I.

Our Household Pets.

Two children have attached themselves to all of us, on account of their infancy and beauty, and are justly entitled to the appellation of "pets," in our household. We shall call them Beckie and Bessie.

A warm-hearted mother enters our school-room, with the preconceived and popular impression, that all the inmates of an Idiotic Asylum are necessarily objects of disgust. Beckie, our little mute girl, trips up to our lady visitors. A sweet expression rests on her countenance, and her cheeks quickly change color, with the varying emotions that swell her little bosom; and her eyes dance with intelligent delight, as the tiny hands of the infant which rests in the arms of the mother, are thrown out to meet her.

Much surprise is manifested. "Can't she talk?" "No, she never talked." "Can't she hear?"

"Yes, her hearing is remarkably acute." "Why! exclaims the mother, "that child is intelligent enough; there is nothing the matter with *her!*" "But, Madam, she is very nervous; she is unsettled in all she does; she has been, and is now, occasionally, subject to violent paroxysms of passion; she is a perfect mute; she may become ———." "Oh! but you ought to place her in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. This is no place for *her!*"

Bessie, a little, flaxen, curly-haired girl of three years old, is trying by every artifice, to escape from her seat, to share the attention that Beckie is receiving. She is unloosed, and with wild delight, skips across the floor, and backs herself up, into the lap of one of our fair visitors. She is overwhelmed with kisses. "Oh! what a little beauty! Oh! you little witch—you cherub!" are the enthusiastic remarks of our enthusiastic friends. "Why! what's the matter with this child? Why! Doctor, she don't look wrong—Really, I don't think this child ought to be here." We remind the lady of the sad necessity that places the rosy, happy child among us—her life here, at this early date, may be her salvation from hopeless idiocy, or insanity.

Now, all these remarks, betoken right good feeling and interest in our visitors, and we like earnest-

ness of expression, if tempered with a moderate appreciation of the fact, that we would not be so *unjust* as to immolate a healthy, intelligent, natural child, in an institution devoted to the care and relief of precisely opposite conditions.

BECKIE.

This child is one of the most interesting of our group. The following references to her early history, may be interesting.

In infancy, her health was considered good, except during dentition, when she had repeated nervous twitchings. She was backward in commencing to walk, but when she had once learned, was quite active. In some respects, her habits were very nice. She was particularly careful of her shoes; but would clean them when soiled, with a new dress or apron. Her tastes for certain colors and styles of dress were odd. In disposition she was unsocial; preferring solitude to society; she preferred even to play by herself, and her amusements were as eccentric as they were original.

Her attachments though few, were quite decided. She was timid in the presence of strangers. She disliked domestic animals, and was often annoying and even destructive towards them. She tried to utter several monosyllabic words, at the time that children ordinarily talk, and never but one at a time; this she soon discontinued entirely.

We shall describe Beckie as she came under our notice, eighteen months ago.

She was in the grove, alone; and carried in her little clenched fingers, a quantity of sticks and stones, and a small tin cup: her form was crouched, and she moved about among the leaves, apparently in search of something; but on our approach, she bounded away with the grace and lightness of a startled gazelle. We followed her, and after much coaxing and many manœuvers, succeeded in getting her to approach. She seemed very slender and nervous, and her face pallid; the clear, transparent skin, revealing the delicate veins that coursed beneath: her eye possessed a peculiar pensiveness,—indeed, sadness, which corresponded well with the soft outlines of her interesting face. Once seen, she was long remembered, for she seemed with her dream-like silence in that green retreat, more like a spiritual, than a physical existence.

On further acquaintance, we found her to be of a violent temper, and easily excited to a manifestation of it, by any interruption to her designs or habits. During such paroxysms, she frequently threw herself on the floor, stamping her feet with rage, and turning blue in the face; at other times she would bite and slap herself, and once pinched her finger severely in the crack of a door, to excite a relenting spirit in the person offended with her.

She had been severely reprimanded by her teacher, and after the first storm was over, approached the latter with all the signs of deep contrition and repentance—reconciliation under similar circumstances, was always effected by a kiss; on this occasion, the preliminaries were not valid, for in the very act of kissing, the child bit the lady's cheek so severely, that the marks lasted several days.

Her mischief knew no bounds—where no other form could glide, Beck, winged with the spirit of mischief, might be found; a sly tip under the elbow of a stranger at tea, has dashed the cup from his lips, and its contents upon his satin and linen. An annual clearing of the flues, has restored rulers, scissors, collars, and all the et ceteras of the schoolroom, mostly deposited there by Beckie.

Recently, this innate mischievous propensity, has

exhausted itself in another form. "James" is selected as the victim, and a more appropriate one could not be—a huge slate rag, pendant to his coat-tail, is one of her favorite exhibitions.

Her attachment was always confined to but one individual at the same time, and the bond was irksome enough to the consenting party, for her affection was too tyrannical in its demands to be comfortably supported, while she was disobedient as she could well be.

The few child-like amusements she had, seemed distortions of simple, easy childhood; her arms were often loaded with two or three geometric blocks, a long ruler, or a yard-stick—these were her "babies" —they were with her in the woods—on the ladders —in the school-room, and at the table in respective seats; they were taken to bed, where they lay on each side of her, and her soundest sleep would be wakened, if any one had the temerity to attempt their removal.

No improvement was apparent in her case, until she was fully impressed with a course of tonic medicine, to soothe and settle her excited nervous system, while it was necessary to rectify her perverted moral tendencies. To this end her solitude was interfered with; she must join in the dumb-bell exercise with

other children—a *rag baby* must be substituted for her blocks and sticks, which are returned to the places and uses designed for them. She must be taught that first lesson, in progress, which she has not yet learned—obedience; she must not be over-petted, and yet not forsaken—she must seek for association, with each, and all. This plan was only partially carried out; yet her health improved; she became less exacting in her demands on her favorite instructor; and she sometimes made lip motion, when asked to talk. We extract from our Register.

December 3d. "The seal which has been set for so long a time on articulate speech, is broken; and to the surprise and joy of the household, she is now a *talking* child. 'I did it.'—'Mamma,'—'Papa,'—'Baby,'—'Apple,' and 'You,' are the words to which she has given utterance; thus answering our anticipations, and giving assurance, that it is but the beginning of greater things. *She is too much excited.*"

Beckie, after preparing for bed, in taking a glass of water, mischievously poured some of it on the floor; this was a habit of her's to excite a mock scolding, which she enjoyed. She was immediately called to, in a stern, loud voice—"Who did that?" The little thing danced about in high glee, and suddenly exclaimed, "I did it!" Excitement was now

heaped on, and the frenzied child repeated the additional words—indistinctly it is true, but they were *words*. Mark what follows in *five* short days.

"December 17. Since 8th instant has been quite sick, with Irritative Fever."

A few days of protracted excitement, and the child had lapsed into her helpless silence; no enthusiasm could awaken that little heart to speech; her face was pallid; her breath fœtid; she was "out of tune," after striking but a few notes, for a rude hand had swept over strings too tensely drawn. A slow fever prostrated her; and for many days after she lay on her couch, gentle and quiet; not sick—not well; but her animal forces completely exhausted.

The above remarks need not reflect unpleasantly on any person; the natural impulse of a warm affection with many, would be to excite, in a case like the present, by every means, that most beautiful of all harmonies, the human voice.

About this time, two circumstances occurred, which had a very happy bearing on Beckie's future. Dr. Parrish wisely forbade any inmate to fret the child for *words*, under the conviction that language would come naturally, when she was physically and mentally prepared for it.

Beckie, too, had an attendant, and between them a

reciprocal affection sprang up; the latter possessed the rare quality of persons in this station, of not desiring, and concerting, to monopolize the attachment of her little charge—she compelled her to look to many sources for her entertainment, and never became herself the victim of the child's tyrannical habits. Under such favorable auspices, she improved; she was no longer restless and inattentive in the school-room; a new intelligence seemed to dawn from those pensive eyes, and when our phonetic exercises were engaged in, she indicated her willingness to join them, by twisting her mouth in all possible directions, and modeling her lips with her fingers.

One day, about this period, she *accidentally* spoke *two* words. In a crowded dining-room, she was interfered with, and called out in a half audible voice, "go away!" But immediately she ran into a corner, hid her face, and held her lips fast together with her hand, as if showing an instinctive dread of the excitement which the forcing plan had engendered. It was a natural sign, that true wisdom could not disregard, in the management of such a case.

We return to our register:

"January 24. For five evenings past, R. has indulged in a *free use* of her organs of speech; this is only after retiring, and when under the impression

of being alone. What is most gratifying, is to find, that her intellectual powers are not so dormant as was supposed by some—her words are the *representatives of intelligent thought.*

"Her language is addressed to her doll; its nose, eyes, etc., are pointed at and named, with some lisping. * * She *sings*, with some errors, 'The Lakes;' (a school-room exercise;) her pronunciation of these is poor, but sufficiently distinct to be understood by any one, familiar with our singing exercises.

"She makes attempts to recite our Addition Tables, and pronounces perfectly, many of the figures.

"'Baby! Dannie had a fit! Poor Dannie,' are words frequently uttered, with immoderate glee at the circumstance.

"She sings with a clear mellow voice, many of our school-room songs, and with a precision of note that astonishes us. Her favorites are, 'The Geography Tune;' 'Old Dog Tray;' 'I think when I read that sweet story of old;' 'My own Mamma, my dear Mamma!' and 'Sweet Lillie.'

"Her want of co-ordination in the movements of the tongue, lips, and laryngial muscles, prevents clear articulation; as confidence, and her own powers by exercise, are developed, she will be much improved by phonetics, which school-room exercise

she is evidently fond of, indulging, as she now does, in the vocalization of many sounds, for the benefit of her mute rag baby."

The intelligence, of a darling child having been thus wonderfully restored to speech, must have thrilled the hearts of the fond parents, and numerous friends, and a few months after, an aged grandmother from her distant home, visited the child, to catch from her own lips, their liberated music. BECKIE was happy; she recognized her venerable relative, submitted to her tender caresses; *but would not talk;* only that morning, had her cheerful voice been heard by all the house—now she was mute again. The grandmother turned to leave, sorrowing that she could not hear with her own ears, those cheerful sounds. When only a short distance down the avenue, Beck, in the most provoking manner, ran up to one of us, and said, in a whisper, "Grandmom' gone home—see baby." Much of the "old leaven" remained in her composition.

"September 23d. Has returned from a protracted visit, home. Parts with her father with regret, and seeks those now, whom she never sought before, to point where 'Papa' has disappeared; when asked what she means, with a face full of sorrow, she says: 'Gone home to baby William.' Juliet, her good

nurse, is gone also; and a hearty cry indicates the genuineness of her childish sorrow, and draws her still closer to us, as her present grief is a *natural* one —the first she ever exhibited.

"Her habitual gayety is soon restored, and she goes through our halls, making them echo with her cheerful songs. She seldom *talks* aloud—she *whispers* very loudly, so as to be heard across a room, but her singing is an annoyance and disturbance during school hours.

"She has much to say about her little baby being 'very sick, because a naughty girl whipped it.' On one occasion, she met one of us at the door, and with the most earnest expression of concern, said in a hurried voice, 'Doctor, do come up and see baby—its got the fever!' She was asked what she had done for it. Her answer was derived from her own ample experience—'Gave it a mustard foot bath.'

"Her disposition is much improved; her barrier to speech would seem to have been an irritation to her, which being now removed, allows her little heart to leap with childish exuberance; her light step is lighter now; her pensive eye is singularly bright, and dances with the strong mental workings, to which she gives free expression. To reproof, she is more gentle and obedient, answering with a

quiet smile, when before she gave a pitiful contortion of countenance."

What is our little prodigy doing now? Four months ago, she was placed at her alphabet, having previously been well practised in form and color; she is now reading monosyllabic words, pronouncing them *aloud*, and correctly. Before visitors, she speaks in whispering tone, generally: if a baby is in the company, she will talk in ordinary pitch. Placed before an outline map of the United States, she seems tolerably well acquainted with most of the geographical features, answering in a clear audible voice. She counts fifteen understandingly, makes straight lines on the slate, threads beads with reference to color, and devises little forms for them, when her string is completed. Mentally, she is a progressing child of four years, instead of eight.

BESSIE,

is three years old. About one year since, she had a fall which injured her spine. It was followed by a brain fever and convulsions; on her re-

covery from these symptoms, she was found with vacant staring eyes; her feet turned inwards, and her gait was tottering; she ran wildly from thing to thing, and seemed to have but momentary enjoyment in each: she knew not when danger was near, and did not appreciate the sense of alarm. Her instincts, in this respect, were perverted, if not abolished. Before her illness, she began to talk, knew her parents, and called them by name. After it, she not only lost their names, but was wanting, in great measure, in that natural affection which before had endeared them to her. Her destructiveness was very marked; her habits became filthy, and her tastes strangely perverted.

It was sad, indeed, to see a beautiful little child, once healthy, and with a bright intellect, now enfeebled in body and mind, with all her tendencies towards a lower, instead of a higher order of being. But such was the case.

She came to our Institution seven months ago. It did not pain her to see her mother depart. Her father went, but BESSIE'S wandering eye had no tear to drop upon his cheek: she was at home in this strange place; at home with anybody. She ran among the other children, without interest in either of them. She amused herself with what came with-

in reach, and injured or destroyed everything that amused her.

Her present condition may be thus described:

Her eye is not now staring and vacant; it is lighted by an intelligence that is radiant with the promise of future good. Her feet are not now unsteady, but as she prances through our apartments and grounds, she carries in her sure and steady step, the glad tidings of approaching recovery.

She is not now wild with the aimless capers of imbecility, but is all fervent with the cheerful gladness of normal childhood. Her enjoyments are natural, and she participates in them as a child of nature; and her affections have bloomed forth from the blighted chaos, where, but a few months since they were buried, and a sweet fragrance is instilled alike in the greeting laugh of the morning and the parting "by-by" of evening.

At a recent visit of her father to our house, he was recognized by her, before he had yet seen her, and his ear caught the sound of "papa, papa," before he saw from whence it came.

She is learning the first and most important lesson of childhood—obedience: and under its controlling teachings, her tastes and habits are assuming a direction, and an elevation, that will lead her out

of her degradation, to enjoy the sweet gifts of intelligent companionship in maturing girlhood, and elevate her to a place in society, where, if she lives, it may never be known, that her early tendencies were as they have been.

She was wisely taken from home, though only three years old, very soon after she was visited by this sad calamity, and placed under circumstances, where night has been removed; and the result proves the good judgment of her father, and the true affection of the mother, who, having the welfare of their child alone at heart, listened not to the false notions of *popular affection*, which inculcate indulgence at home, as the true remedy for early misfortune, but took the best, and the earliest means to restore the lost one. Now they have in their sweet little child "A MIND UNVEILED," shining out in purity and intelligence.

Had they done otherwise, they would have mourned over a deformed and helpless imbecile.

Let this case impress the lesson, which every faithful reader of its history must appreciate.

CHAPTER II.

Blighted by Disease.

GEORGIE.

A POOR orphan boy, of whose birth and history nothing is now known, GEORGIE'S demands on our sympathies are great; to be an orphan, is sorrowful —to be an abandoned orphan, is more so—but to be parentless, friendless, and a helpless idiot, is the depth of human sorrow.

Poor GEORGIE had never known a mother's caress: his irritable spirit had never been soothed by a gentle hand; a little outcast, no one cared to be taxed with his wants, which, though childish, were unreasonable, when exacted from any one but a sacrificing mother. It is no wonder then, that with no warming sunshine of affection, to brighten his early days, he became cold and suspicious towards all advances—that his temper became soured

and irritable, and that all the uncurbed habits of insane idiocy developed themselves.

In appearance, the lad was idiotic in the extreme, about six years of age, his body was frail and stooping, his arms extremely long, and head of man's size, denoting by its anatomical peculiarities, that he had been the victim of hydrocephalus.* His features, as his form, were also unprepossessing, from great protrusion of the maxillary bones, a turned up nose; the nostrils looking directly front, and a low forehead, overhung with stiff, curly, yellow hair; altogether his appearance was more swinish than human.

His habits were maliciously filthy; his clothing was often found torn into tatters, or stuffed away into the flues; and in paroxysms of insane rage he has broken the furniture of a room, and made himself a terror to his attendants. To discipline, he was an uncompromising opponent; gentleness was met with screams, and severity with downright obstinacy.

He uttered but one intelligble sound; which was "mommy;" this word he employed indiscriminately, often chattering it, like a monkey.

He engaged in no school-room exercise, but sat

* Water on the brain.

listless, with his lower jaw dropped, and a scowl on his brow: if he was spoken to, however kindly the tone, he would bury his head in his lap, or turn it violently around, uttering at the same time, the most discordant cries: there seemed no avenue to his affections, and no mode of concentrating his attention on any one thing, and the hope for his improvement seemed visionary.

By constant watching, and avoiding to irritate him in any way, his habits improved very greatly —his anger became less frequent and violent, and in one year's time he was a quiet, orderly boy in school; but yet it was seldom that he would listen to any request that took him away from his accustomed seat, or disturbed his inactivity. The same irritability was slumbering there; its manifestation only awaited exciting causes, to burst forth with all its original violence. He was happiest when alone.

He possesses to a remarkable degree a natural fondness and talent for music; a song heard once or twice was caught by GEORGIE, and his clear voice warbled it out with a rich, perfect compass; in these performances, which were always for his own private benefit, he used no words, but merely labial and guttural sounds. Here then was a magnet, by

which to attract his rambling, pointless fancies—the influence of music.

In the month of January, 1857, GEORGIE was prostrated by a low form of typhoid fever; we despaired for a time of his life; a state of apparent unconsciousness was followed by wild delirium; in his phrensied paroxysms his tongue was unloosed; "Go 'way!" "dinner," "puddin'," and many more words were articulated; he convalesced slowly, but retained the words he had uttered; the sound of an approaching step was hailed by GEORGE with enthusiasm, and he would scream with all his strength, "Dokey!* puddin'! Please puddin'!"

When he was again fitted for the school-room, the change in his deportment was remarked by all; no longer a sulky, expressionless boy; he seemed endowed with a new-born nature; there was light in his eye, and interest in his look.

A number of pictures, which had been displayed on the wall, during his sickness, was a circumstance of excited pleasure to him when he was again in his long neglected seat; he ran from one to another, pulling them up to "see the soldiers on horses!" or "see the mens!"

* Doctor.

Confidence has been finally established in the bosom of the little forlorn boy; and the gushing streams of childhood, though late in their springings, are none the less lovely. Georgie is the first to run and welcome a returned member of the household; he is the first to come forward with his frank "Good morning!" And if accidentally missed in the morning's salutation, his dancing eyes will soften into a pensive disappointment.

At the table, he is now one of our best behaved; he joins in our marching and dumb-bell exercises, in the former, with the order and time of a veteran in the service.

He utters very many sentences; answers a few questions from the outline maps; counts twenty irregularly, and twelve understandingly; he is fond of the geometric boards, and arranges the many-sided blocks with facility. Occasionally, he becomes obstinate and indolent; at such times he is transferred from the school-room to the Gymnasium, where vigorous rope and ladder exercise, dispels his ill-temper, and he returns with his accustomed diligence to the more quiet exercises of the school-room.

His youth is very much in his favor, and the prospect that internal changes may go on, which

will materially affect the condition of his brain, allowing it to perform its functions more perfectly, encourages us to continued perseverance.

His case is one that fully demonstrates the practicability of improving a *low type* of idiocy, associated with chronic hydrocephalus, while to the physiologist, an interesting question is presented, as to the mysterious influences that operated on his mind through the organism, when prostrated by a low fever.

JAMES, OR JIMMIE.

"JIMMIE," as distinguished from "James," another patient, is like the last, afflicted with chronic hydrocephalus, (water on the brain,) and much resembles GEORGIE, too, in mental and moral characteristics. He is a pretty boy, with a large cranium and expansive forehead.

His grade was, and is very low, he was a perfect mute for many years, his irritability manifests itself in a very eccentric way; he may be in a towering passion, occasioned by the most trivial circum-

stance, his face crimson, his eyes starting with rage, and his hands and head violently gesticulating, but advance toward him, with a tone and look of surprise, saying, "Why! is *this* the little boy with yellow hair and blue eyes?" and he is calmed, and with as demonstrative evidence of satisfaction, as previously of anger, he is transformed into an excess of amiability.

A few simple words he now speaks; of cows and horses, dogs and cats, he is very fond, and will stand in the extreme of cold weather, watching them with fixed interest, trying to call their names.

A few days since, he had a trifling pimple on his knee, which was sufficient to cause much excitement; he groaned and sighed, became cross and angry, and no one came within his reach, that it was not immediately presented for sympathy—he called it "car! car!" One of the children had suffered from a *carbuncle*. Jimmie had heard it so called, had retained the name of it, and made this good application of it.

He is faithful in the school-room; attempts pencil-drawing on the slate, making many intelligent forms and figures, which he personifies with the name of a teacher, or companion.

He exhibits much constructiveness in the arrange-

ment of wooden blocks, and recently has threaded beads with some reference to color.

What improvement he may continue to make, or whether he may remain stationary, no one can tell; much will depend on the changes to which his brain may be yet subjected.

CHAPTER III.

Two low Cases.

A POPULAR prejudice, amounting to repugnance, exists towards the unfortunate idiot, which ought not to be indulged by a philanthropic mind; and the two following cases are introduced, to show that humanity, in its lowest estate, presents something to admire, even while there is much to pity.

EDWARD.

We are informed that "big EDWARD,"* in his early youth, was remarkably precocious—he went regular-

* We have three *Edwards*, and for distinction, the children call this one, appropriately "big Edward."

ly to school, and before his tenth year, had acquired the elementary branches of English education. He was very fond of his pencil and brush, and some drawings and paintings are referred to, as being creditably executed by him.

In his tenth year, the proud hopes of his mother and family, were suddenly and sorrowfully blasted. He had been studying hard all day at school, and returned, much fatigued, in the afternoon; while resting, he was seized with apoplexy and paralysis of the right side, the consequences of which, he has never recovered from. Epileptic convulsions succeeded; at one period, so frequent was their recurrence, that they were enumerated as forty in a single night!

Imbecility, of the most inveterate type, followed of necessity, and the mind, that in the morning of life had risen with such bright promise, was soon obscured by deepest and darkest shade.

We will not follow Edward, through the details of his life at home: none but the experienced can know the ponderous care of such a child. Possessed with a strong and passionate will, with no reason to guide it, and no comprehension that could be appealed to, Edward was indeed a crushing weight, upon the happiness of his mother and sister.

In his eighteenth year he was placed with us; all that could be offered in his case, was the protection of an asylum, and a possible chance that his disposition might improve.

We found him most ungovernable in temper, and appetite—strong, and conscious of his strength; he went whithersoever his fancies led him; any attempt to arrest him was met with a storm of oaths, often accompanied by blows and missiles—after which, he would lapse into a trance of passion, standing for hours, apparently meditating some dark design.

For weeks he continued in this mood—an ominous scowl met the kind approach of friends—no pleasantry could light up a responsive feeling, no smile excite its return. He was entirely mute, excepting when aroused with anger, when he cursed with the most fearful volubility.

One of the first lessons he seemed to require was, that superiority of strength could be brought to bear upon him, if necessary—he probably, considered himself invincible—for on one occasion, when narrowly escaping the wheels of a locomotive, he was sternly told that he came near being killed, with the most contemptuous air, and an appropriate oath, he said: "Can't kill me—knock the thing off, I would." An occasion soon served, to instruct him

in the fact, that he could be managed; and from that time, his prowess seemed to wane in his own estimation.

Time passed on; he was the same cold, selfish, silent boy, his life only expressing individuality, in sudden and destructive violence, when, one bright Sabbath morning, he came, bearing in his hand, a *little flower*, and in the most confidential way allowed us to peep at it—the moment seemed to be a favorable one—he was praised for finding such a beautiful thing, and as a return, was invited to look at some fine pictures, illustrating Scripture history; he was led away, alone, and the plates slowly turned before his earnest gaze; he seemed interested, the intelligence of forgotten days, when he had himself skilfully used the pencil and brush, seemed to settle about him like a dream; and as the picture of a kneeling figure with upturned eye, came before him, a sudden thought illuminated his face, his palsied arm raised from his lap, and with an emotion that can never be forgotten, the boy pronounced the single word, "praying."

The stone had been struck, and the gushings of long years before, were chafing, to burst out again, in all their richness and purity.

Early the next morning, before rising, the room

door of the writer, slowly opened, and Edward, with most of his clothing hanging over his arm, entered with an eager step; he advanced toward the glass door that faced the east, and with raised finger and unwonted fervor, he exclaimed, "Look there!"

The gray of dawn had receded before the rich colors of sunrise, and that gorgeous sky, had thrilled the soul of poor Edward.

"Look there! red—blue—orange—all kinds!" His small vocabulary seemed exhausted, his lips were parted, and his eye returned for the rich beams of that beautiful sky, what was equally beautiful, the intelligent gaze of a dismantled spirit.

His bosom seemed to thrill, and his whole form expand and heighten with the swelling emotion, as with riveted eye and outstretched arm, he uttered in a subdued voice—"God in Heaven."

What soul that would not have been impressed with such worship, what human heart that would not have leaped with responsive sympathy towards that poor idiot boy? An *idiot*, indeed; a poor, froward idiot; but even in his lowliness, confounding the wise, for his faith had reached, where proud intelects, have been darkened by ignorance and infidelity.

Edward is still dull, and always will be so. His epilepsy seems incurable. But we have noticed

with gratification, a great change in his temper; he has become obedient and passive; he rarely uses profane language; recently he administered an oath to a boy, who trod on his foot, but being gently reprimanded, he looked mildly up, and said, "Didn't go to do it."

ABRAM.

This boy is sixteen years of age—in stature he is ten, but in countenance twenty.

When first entered, he was as near approaching Dr. Sèguin's type of idiotcy, as any one we ever saw —"He knew nothing, could do nothing, and wished for nothing." The bell for meals, is observed by our children, in a manner most unmistakable—Ab was the solitary exception—there he sat, one hot summer's morning, his form bent nearly double, his eyelids drooping, mouth open, and flies, with perfect security, going in and out at the slavering chasm.

A few weeks passed away—he had been vigorously exercised—urged over ladders, and his unwilling

hands, taught to grasp the rounds, his feeble knees, had been freely exercised on the walks, and his back, straightened up by gymnastic exercise. If he had any opinion about this course, he might have considered himself quite abused.

We soon found that there was one agent, most certain, to stimulate his attention. A room was darkened, and a shower of ether, in which phosphorus had been dissolved, was thrown over the ceiling and about the room. Ab was frantic with joy; he jumped from his chair, and followed the changing flakes of light, uttering his first expression of pleasure—"La! la! la! la!"

An anecdote in Ab's history, which has come to us, will also show his enchantment by fire. A creek passes on the outskirts of the town, where he was born, called *Jordan*. Ab, one dark night, escaped from his attendant, and after wandering along the stream, he came in view of the bright light of a brick-kiln, situated some distance back from the opposite shore: the poor, infatuated boy, delighted with the glare that sprang from the blackness beyond, crawled down the bank, waded through the cold waters, and clambered the opposite hill. He then eagerly pushed forward for the dazzling light; nearing it, he was suddenly pre-

cipitated into a deep ditch; his screams of terror, brought to his assistance two night-laborers from the yard, and their timely succor saved the child from drowning in the ditch. Frightened, and almost dead with cold, he was returned to his anxious parents; and to this day, Ab's adventure of "crossing the Jordan," is narrated by the villagers.

Another of his qualities is, a fondness for music; a drum and fife, or a violin, always led him a willing captive, and he has frequently been enticed by them a distance from home. At the present time, when our lady instructor, who performs on the melodeon, enters the room, Ab not unfrequently, seizes her by the dress, and pulls her toward the instrument, expressing in the most positive manner his wish for her to play.

But we return to him, as he came under our discipline. When first placed before a ladder, and made to understand that he must mount it, he became wild with passion—stamped, kicked, and screamed—he was met with firm persistence, and after several days' exercise, we succeeded in getting him to the ridge-pole, and subsequently over it, and descending upon the opposite ladder. It was amusing and instructive, to see how this low

imbecile, would cunningly change his policy in the most violent exhibition of anger; failing to be released by this, he suddenly began to cry in the most piteous manner, stroking his long, cold fingers over the face, and most fawningly appealing to the benevolence of his trainer.

The meal bell, was now thoroughly comprehended; and what was much more, he learned the true time to make predatory excursions into the officers' dining-room, where he has been found more than once, demolishing an appropriated dessert, or relieving the sugar-bowl of its contents.

Corresponding with his improvement in the Gymnasium, he advanced in other respects. It was a long time since he had known the endearments of home, and it might well be supposed that this, one of the lowest of humanity, cherished no remembrance of the tender affection that had been lavished upon him. One day, when in his brightest mood, a visitor, who spoke Ab's mother tongue, was desired to speak a few familiar words to him—"mother" and "home" were spoken—his attention was arrested; he raised his head, and broke out with the "Yaw! yaw!" of his kindred, and the bright tears rushed to his eyes, testifying to the depth of his tender emotion.

What is he now? So much has he changed in one short year, that his father admitted that it was difficult to recognize his boy: the old man's heart was full, as Ab tenderly led him to the foot of a ladder, and was not satisfied, until both were perched high up on the ridge-pole.

Ab, at the table, no longer dashes at his food with his hands, nor applies his mouth to his plate, but with care, uses his fork as orderly as any of the smaller children; in school, he threads rings, buttons and beads, and even imitates many of the phonetic sounds; the words "boy" and "buger boo," for a long time constituted his entire vocabulary: more recently he has added "papa," "mamma," "man," "good boy," and "bell." Exercises in color are not beyond his comprehension, and of the many voluntary efforts he has lately made, the most noted is an essay to turn a "somerset," in which he succeeded, after the most approved fashion.

Of animals he is extremely fond: he has been missed, and after search, found at the stable, feeding the horse with grass pulled by his own hands. A large St. Bernard dog and he are boon companions; they wrestle together, and probably would be mutually glad to eat together. So well is Ab

recognized by the dog, and so strong is the preference, that the latter immediately makes for him when he is in the vicinity.

Ab's disposition is very affectionate; and sickness, or wounds, call out the most abundant sympathy. He is rescued from a state considered as hopeless idiotcy. How far he will improve is not for us to say; but we entertain hopes of a boy who will feed a horse, hang by his hands to a rope with body in mid-air, and who will steal a pudding.

CHAPTER IV.

A boy that we are proud of.

GRUBB.

A THICK set boy of twelve years, was placed with us sixteen months ago.

Soon after our acquaintance, Grubb signalized himself by making his escape; the place did not suit his taste; order and obedience were the first principles of the house; disorder and disobedience had been his. Jumping on the cars he was taken into Philadelphia, whither a messenger was sent by the next train and the runaway found, inquiring, in unintelligible language, where Mr. E——, his guardian lived. Grubb was not conscious of the hundreds of miles that lay between himself and home.

He was a *moral* idiot, he recognized no obligation to God nor man, and having some appreciation of the value of money and property, nothing that could

be appropriated, was safe within his reach. With this innate propensity, he had a good share of secretiveness too, so that the most disguised cross-questioning rarely discovered the truth. His honest face, covered the most mature dishonesty.

We were, on one occasion, in search of wild flowers. Grubb turned from the roadside into an adjoining field; when he returned, he carried in his hand a five dollar note, which he was seen to pick up from the ground: with a countenance of surprised pleasure, he advanced and told his story; we answered, that we should seek its owner. Grubb immediately asked,—"May I have it to buy something, if you don't find the man?"

The note was recognized as belonging to a member of the family, who left it exposed for a moment in the boy's presence. He managed to conceal it, and confessed the fault, after confinement in his chamber for two days.

Many such instances might be given of stealth, and stubborn duplicity; this evil course he followed blindly; he knew not the law, and sin could not be imputed to him.

His attainments were as meagre, as had been his advantages. He is said to have known his alphabet imperfectly; he could not make a straight chalk-

line, knew not a figure, and in short, he was deplorably ignorant and indifferent.

He was afflicted with chorea;* so much so, as to be irregular in gait, and to eat with difficulty. His speech was exceedingly defective, owing, in part, to habits contracted and never corrected, and also to malformation of the tongue; he was "tongue-tied" when a babe, and several ineffectual operations for its relief had been made; hence there was much shortening of that organ, which incapacitated him for making some sounds, very important to correct language.

He was as obstinate as a mule, when in a temper to be so; and resisted female authority, as beneath his notice.

A few days of discipline, worked a great change in Grubb's demeanor; by little trusts of duty consigned to him, he was made to feel his importance to the well-being of the Institution. Confinement in a school-room, was a new thing to him; its strict employments, to a boy whose home had been in the fields and on the streets, and who knew no government save his own will, was a new and irksome life; hence he was not kept regularly at his desk; if a load of hay

* St. Vitus' dance.

came—Grubb helped stow it away; if corn in the field was to be husked—Grubb was employed—he was constituted cow-boy, boot-black, and errand-boy, and moderate compensation encouraged his interest, and ensured his punctuality. The school-room, was a secondary matter for him, until he willingly sought it.

Grubb was easily entertained with narrative. Our Sunday exercises suited his taste, precisely; he became a willing and instructed listener, to stories of good and bad boys, of duty to God, and of the life, sufferings, and death of our Saviour; his tender nature was appealed to. Heaven was spoken of as the home of the departed, his own father, mother, sisters and brothers were there; and he was reminded, that he was left alone in the world to get ready to meet them. The boy's susceptible heart, was as easily led into right, as it had been darkened and misled by wrong. Any reference to his departed parents, struck a sensitive chord in the poor orphan's spirit; the tears would start to his eyes, and his whole form tremble, with the strong emotion that agitated him.

We discovered soon, that night and morning, Grubb was making extemporaneous prayers, notorious for their length, but most fervent and appropriate; he became obedient, truthful and industrious, and with moderate watching, could be trusted to

considerable extent: an example will be given of the latter.

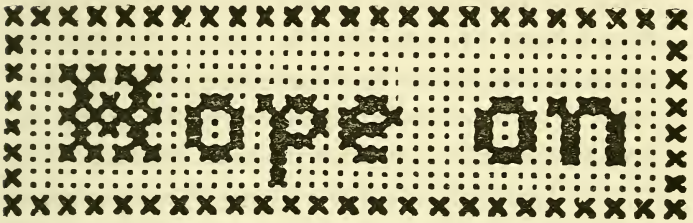
On Sabbath we have exercises, intended to approach in character, religious worship at the Churches. At their close, a *collection* is taken; Grubb is our "trustee," and passes around among the urchins with his hat; the funds, sometimes a few cents, and as many sticks and buttons, are honestly deposited in a box, in another room. He has been watched so often, and found reliable, that we feel that he has quite surmounted his natural propensity.

In the school-room, his progress has been very surprising. One year ago, he was taught to make figures; since then, he has become acquainted with the first three rules of arithmetic: any sum in simple multiplication he performs correctly, though with great tardiness before visitors; his idea seems to be, that the longer the time that is devoted to a sum, the greater the evidence of its difficulty, and his own ability. Time, enumeration, dry measure, and many other tables, have been committed; and in writing, his improvement is quite satisfactory.

An interesting physiological fact is exhibited in a marked elongation of the tongue, which may be attributed entirely to a free exercise in phonetics,

especially of those sounds requiring the use of the tip of the tongue, which he could not make originally, but which he now makes, from the elongation and increase in the power of the organ, as the result of continued effort.

He is much more steady in his gait; and this specimen of perforated card-work, will show the command of hand he has acquired.



A few days since he composed, and wrote with his own hand, a letter, which we give below. It is but fair to state, that his dictation was reduced to a copy before he himself attempted to write. The penmanship, if not elegant, is intelligible.

"INSTITUTE,

"*Germantown*, 1858.

"Dear Mr. E——:

"I am well; how are you getting along at home? How is my sister getting along? I have not heard from you since I left.

"I have been to Trenton, to show the people what I could do. I started from Germantown in a train of cars, and after got to Philadelphia, we walked down to the stage, and went to the cars that go to Trenton; we went across a big bridge across the Delaware river, and then we came to Trenton, and then we went to a tavern, and staid there all night. We showed the people what we could do; all the boys and me sung, and did the dumb-bell exercises; sung geography, and did some sums. A whole lot of people was in, and ladies, and they stamped their feet. The Governor of New Jersey talked to us, and I made him a present of a smoking-cap, that Lizzie M—— made. Next day we went to another hall, where there was a great many children, and some ladies and gentlemen; and we went up on top of a big State House, and saw the whole country. We saw a great many men in the State House writing, and a good many women was looking at them. Dr. Wm. A. Newell* took me into his room, and showed me a big pair of scales, made of gold; two of them, a big one and a little one: and he took me into another room, and I saw, oh! a great large map of Massachusetts, as big as our new map of Pennsylvania.

* Governor of New Jersey.

"We have got a good many chickens and pigeons. We had a monkey named Jack, but he died, and me and Johnnie buried him. We have a horse and carriage, and I hitch him up, and give him water and feed him when George is away. We have a big, black dog, named 'Clip;' sometimes I run about in the snow with him; and we have got a little dog, named 'Fannie;' she catches rats.

"We have two teachers. I am learning to read, and write, and cipher, and can do sums in multiplication, and addition, and subtraction, and am going to learn in division.

"We have got a great big picture of the new house; next year we are going to move there.

* * * * * * * *

"Good-bye,

"GRUBB."

He is now able to read easy, prose stories, understandingly. His eyes are always open, and his mind receiving new truths. The following conversation, which we give in the actual language used, will exhibit many of his qualities of mind.

We were on our way to Philadelphia, by carriage, having as company Ned and Johnnie. Grubb's mind was very active.

"Doctor, ain't that an island?"

"What do you say, Grubb? I do not understand you?"

"Ain't that an island—a portion of land surrounded by water?"

By this time, we had passed on our right, a muddy brick-pond; and not being able to see it, an answer was postponed until our return, in the latter part of the day.

The meadows on each side of the road were slightly rolling; it called up in Grubb's mind, his lesson on mountains.

"Doctor, they ain't mountains, are they?"

"No, Grubb; but what are they?"

"Hills—a mountain is a high rocky portion of land—them heaps of hay, way over there, look like little mountains."

"You are right, Grubb."

A short silence ensued, which was broken by Grubb.

"Doctor, a mountain in the Eastern Continent, once burned down a whole city!"

"Indeed! what mountain was that?"

"Mount Vesuvius; it wasn't like the mountains where I live."

"What kind of mountain was it?"

"A 'cano, or somethin' like that; a burnin' mountain, with a big hole in the top—a crater—and it throws out ashes and stuff, just like melted iron and lead."

"Grubb, where did you hear about that?"

"Miss S—— read it to us out of a book, and told us how it was."

Another silence ensued. How earnest is this boy to acquire knowledge; how he digests, and assimilates the received truths of a day. His book and his slate are his attached companions, and the roadside calls up their remembrances. And yet one short year ago he was in law, Homo fat'uus; "one who has been without understanding from his birth, and whom the law presumes to be never likely to attain any."

Our reverie was broken.

"Doctor, what's nine times eight?"

"Seventy-two; what do you want to know for?"

"I forgot; I can't remember that table well."

"What are you going to be, Grubb, when you become a man?"

"A store-keeper;"* Mr. S—— says he'll take me if I'll learn right smart; I'm learnin', ain't I?"

* Grubb has recently made himself quite familiar with the scale-beam and weights.

"Indeed you are; how old are you?"

"Fourteen years old."

"When did your father and mother die?"

"Mother died when I was little; father did not die so far off."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who did she look like?"

"Oh! she was a big, pretty woman; she looked just like Mrs. ———; I loved her a great deal. She was kind."

The tears glistened in the poor boy's eyes, and his heart swelled with the remembrance of a mother's tenderness.

Thus we rode along, scarcely an object escaping Grubb's quick notice; animals, houses, church-spires, grave-yards, factories, engine-houses, and people, were all subjects for inquiry.

On our return home, after the lapse of half a day, Grubb called attention to the *island in the brick-pond!*

Anecdotes.—One beautiful, moonlight night, as we were walking on our way to Germantown, Grubb was charmed with the quiet loveliness of every thing about him; he noticed the sparkling

beams that danced upon the waters; he counted the brightest and largest stars that studded the sky, and for the first time, to our knowledge, his inquiries went beyond the actual, when he asked if the "moon had men and horses in it, like the earth?" Presently he again said: "God made the stars and moon and every thing; my Geography says:

"'The God who made the earth so round,
And every star above,
Looks down upon each little child,
And guards him with His love.'"

Not long since, Grubb had committed some offence, for which he was sent to bed, and requested to think about it. During the course of the afternoon, he was heard engaged in earnest prayer. He seemed to feel that his case was a desperate one, for one of his appeals, most frequently uttered, was, "Oh! can't you make me a good boy? Oh! try to make me good!"

An old woman, in her poverty and rags, had been allowed to gather waste coal on our premises. Grubb saw her, and took a lively interest in her. He walked at her side, diligently helping her, and listening to the story of suffering and want, which affected the boy so much, that he gave her a large portion from his own little Christmas savings.

When asked how he felt, after doing such a kind act, he laid his hand upon his heart, and said, with an indescribable pathos, "I feel big in here."

Grubb was on the way towards the worst form of idiotcy that can afflict a human being, and the community. Abandoned to the irregular guidance of his own propensities — every ostlery and bar-room open to his visits, and the corrupt and licentious his familiar associates—what limit could be set for his degradation?

A fostering care extended over that benighted spirit, and we find it susceptible to the warm influences of affection; and a mind of apparently feeble capacity, is found to develop in a degree hitherto unhoped for.

There are others in this State in a more painful situation even than that of Grubb, who are treading an inevitable retrograde march into the worst depravity of human nature. They are known in their neighborhoods as vicious idiots, or simpletons, and are cautiously avoided by those who wish to keep their families intact from sin. Association is a law of *their* nature, as of ours; they seek it where it may be found, and become the tools and imitators of the infamous.

CHAPTER V.

Our Sewing Girls.

These girls are the largest in the Institution, and are from twelve to fifteen years of age.

ELLEN

Was received into the school at its foundation, five years ago. We have but few fragments of her history at home, or of the first two years of her residence here. That she ate every thing which came in her way, and that she had severe intermittent fever, attended with convulsions, is all that we know definitely; the latter were epileptic, and no doubt, existed independently of the fever.

No pains had been taken to instruct or improve her; the circumstances of her parents not permitting the expenditure of so much time and money as

it would have required. Hence she was utterly ignorant; in the language of her attendant, "She knew nothing but to eat; to eat leaves, sticks, swill, trash, and every thing she could get down!"

With her arms strapped behind her back, to restrain this injurious habit, Ellen wandered about, a poor disconsolate being, the tears rolling down her pallid cheeks, and piteously fretting to be taken home.

For months, she continued in this idiotic melancholia; occasionally, she would suffer from a severe epileptic convulsion, which weakened still more, her fatuous mind.

Her habits were careless, and her temper irascible. She was a low case of epileptic idiocy.

FRANCES.

Frances has been in the Institution three years and six months, and in attainments was the same with Ellen.

She had been the victim of acute rheumatism, which had affected all her joints, so that she could

scarcely walk. She frequently fell, and received many severe cuts and bruises; when asked why she could not ascend a flight of stairs without assistance, she replied, that "her back was so weak."

In disposition, she was very cross and sullen, and until a few months past, she displayed a notoriously stubborn will. Daily, some slight cause was sufficient to throw her into a paroxysm of anger, in which she would throw herself upon the floor, cry and kick violently, and often use coarse and profane language. Her speech was very defective and spasmodic. Listless and peevish, though affectionate and exceedingly sensitive, Frances was a difficult child to control; so that she retained her social faults, long after she had began to improve mentally.

Present Condition.—Ellen and Frances, are both tolerably good readers in Mr. Webb's Third Reader; the latter understandingly so; it is one of the most agreeable sights to us, to witness the avidity, with which these two children will read any simple story-books, that come in their way. Both are learning to write. Frances with much difficulty, on account of her feeble wrists. They have memorized a number of arithmetical tables, and are now reducing the addition table to practice, in the performance of small sums. They count indefinitely, and compre-

hend the relation of figures to quantities. They are both quite familiar with the outline maps of the United States and Pennsylvania, and the "Child's First Book in Geography" has been placed in their hands, from which they learn quite rapidly.

Frances possesses good reflective and observing powers, and in a slow measured tone, often commits some very amusing originalities. Ellen on the contrary, sees but little, and thinks less. She is extravagantly fond of *veils;* formerly no lady visitor entered the school-room, without being interrogated as to what she had for dinner, and whether she owned a "*brown veil.*" A number of fine pictures were shown to her one day, she looked at them with a degree of attention, that was surprising and encouraging; she ran her finger over them; every object seemed to be criticised; but we were deceived when she broke out, "Oh! I've found one—there's a lady with a veil on—it ain't brown, though—it's white!" She memorizes far more readily than Frances, and hence appears to strangers more intelligent; for proper names, she has astonishing retentiveness. Few persons visit the Institution a second time, who have been seen and known by Ellen in their first visit, that she will not instantly recognize, even if months, or years may have elapsed between the calls.

LIZZIE,

A semi-mute, and partially deaf, has been with us two years. Under the influence of a good mother, she had grown up with few moral defects; her habits, however, were very eccentric. She seemed in continual apprehension; dread was graven deeply, in the tracings of her otherwise pretty face, and her nimble feet, seemed always ready to bear her away from imagined danger. She would display this especially, when interrupted in any pursuit on which her mind was concentrated. If, when gathering flowers in the grove, (of which she was exceedingly fond,) a person approached, Lizzie started up like a frightened hare, and bounded away to some tree or hollow, where she buried her face in her hands or lap, until the intruder had passed. A harsh noise, striking suddenly on her ear, would set the slender muscles of her face in a quiver, and her hilarious joy would sink into the silence of cringing fear.

Of an exceedingly active and graceful build, no fence was too high for her to clamber, and no edge too narrow for her balance; with a run for "a start," she could bound over a chair, and in four leaps, de-

scend a tolerably long flight of steps. She would frequently continue a romp of this latter kind, until perfectly exhausted, she would sink into a chair and fall into a deep, comatose slumber, from which it was difficult to arouse her. At such times, her face was much flushed, head hot and pupils dilated, indicating that more than mere exhaustion, was the cause of her deep slumber.

At home, she could not be entrusted with care of any kind; her infant brother might be placed in her hands to watch, but her attention, diverted by a passing sight, or scared by an imagined terror, and babe was abandoned in cradle or street, as the case might be.

Some eccentricities, she possessed, which she still exhibits at times; one of these is a great indisposition to put on *clean clothes:* though tidy in her appearance, her face and hands clean, and hair well combed, this singularity exists. We suppose it originates, from an apprehension that some articles of dress will be lost, by sending them to the laundry, for she is exceedingly particular about her clothing, and when Lizzie is missed, she may often be found in her dormitory, busily arranging her bureau, or mending a garment.

This penuriousness of dress is so excessive, that it has led her into an error, requiring frequent correc-

tion. A new pair of stockings, or a black apron, is too nice to wear, so it is hid in a corner, away from observation, but where she can daily bestow an admiring gaze; in the meantime, however, she appropriates the clothes of another, to her own necessities, and it requires a labored argument to persuade her of the wrong she does her neighbor.

Her language, or gibberish, is rapid, very expressive in action, and equally unintelligible in meaning; her countenance sparkles with joyous fervor when describing something pleasing, while it presents a contrast of the deepest and most painful emotion, when conveying bad news.

We believe she spoke no intelligible word, when she came under our care.

SARAH

Has been with us eighteen months. Her anxious parents had allowed no effort to remain untried, that held out any hope for her improvement: lively in disposition, and naturally bright in her face, they were slow to acknowledge the sad fact of their

daughter's weakness, and so Sarah was sent to school, where she became an object for torment to her better endowed classmates, and a cripple to the progress of the school. A teacher cannot, in justice, deprive the mass of her pupils, of the valued time and labor, which an imbecile mind requires, in its difficulty to seize the most elementary ideas. Sarah was in the way; and yet attempts were made by coaxings, threatenings and punishments, to teach her one fact, one form, one letter. All was in vain; she hated school, as bitterly as the school disliked her.

When she came to us, she possessed the common faults of a pampered imbecile, added to a strong will, which she was never slow to express by vociferous cries, and unintelligible complaints.

Her speech was very defective, more than two-thirds of the primary sounds, being beyond her ability; her gait was sidling and irregular, her body strongly bent forward, and its weight thrown on her toes. In ascending or descending a flight of stairs, she dragged the left after the right foot, as a child who had but just commenced walking.

She knew nothing, and was exceedingly inattentive. With open eyes, and gaping mouth, directed toward a teacher, she neither saw, heard, or spoke. This last remark is true of many of our children,

when they first come under our care, "having eyes they see not, ears, they hear not," and sometimes "hands that handle not." Some can hear no sound but the dinner bell, and see no object but a plate of meat and potatos; others with no eyes to see a cube or a large black board figure, can quickly detect, and as soon swallow, minute chips, threads, or hairs on the floor, which would escape ordinary search.

Present condition.—LIZZIE and SARAH are not so advanced as the preceding girls, not having been with us so long, though their speech has greatly improved; the former can articulate many words and sentences, and both are making creditable progress in J. Russel Webb's "First Reader;" they read easy sentences with facility. They are learning to write, Lizzie is fond of letter printing, of which a promiscuous selec- is shown.

She has an original fancy that conceives many simple, but pretty designs; often her slate will be covered with drawings of neat collar patterns, or a boquet of flowers, &c., all the work of a single morning.

Sarah is making some progress in outline Geography, writes excellent figures, and has recently commenced small addition sums.

Lizzie is no longer the wild girl of one year ago, but a confiding, modest child, exceedingly loving towards all who display affection for her. Some eccentricities still remain, that with reference to her clothing has, perhaps, increased in force. One of her peculiarities more recently noticed, is self-inflicted punishment, when she is conscious of having committed an offence. She does not always wait for discovery, but voluntarily seeks her room, where she will remain without food and bitterly weep over her misconduct.

Her natural grace and agility, is not displayed so much now as formerly, in rude romps, and the cataleptic attacks have entirely disappeared. She is excessively fond of dancing, and excels in that beautiful exercise; she is quite accomplished too, in our new dumb bell exercise, having learned the musical alphabet by simple observation.

This interesting child we will be compelled to lose, if some provision cannot be made for her maintenance. She has been with us two years, through the philanthropy of a worthy citizen; this was, of necessity, withdrawn some time since; we hope that some

PENCIL DRAWING BY LIZZIE.

way may appear by which she will be preserved to us. With two years more of close training, she may become a valuable and permanent aid, in our kitchen or laundry.

We have called ELLEN, FRANCES, LIZZIE and SARAH our "Sewing Class." They are fairly entitled to such distinction, as they have learned to be quite neat plain sewers, and make a fair proportion of sheeting, pillow cases, &c. Two, hem handkerchiefs, and knit well; Lizzie has worked a "smoking cap," and shown much aptness in its execution; while Frances makes lamp stands, &c., with zephyrs. Perforated card work is an amusement they indulge in. Recently, they have been seen patching each other's dresses, and sewing on apron strings, when occasion demanded.

Lizzie, so utterly untrustworthy a few months ago, has become quite an aid in our domestic concerns; it is no longer temerity, to place in her entire care, one of our most unmanageable girls. Day after day, Lizzie is sought by Eliza, as her companion in walking, and the former is never known to abandon the poor, dependent creature, unless the latter becomes violently obstinate to go where she should not, when Lizzie runs for assistance.

All these girls may be entrusted with the care of

the more feeble, for short periods of time. They are all anxious to wait on table, and do it tolerably well. Ellen is said to be an excellent kitchen girl, for ordinary work.

They all have an unfortunate habit of eating inordinately, and at all times, which disqualifies them, as yet, to be left much to themselves; in time this, we hope, may be broken up. Our accommodations, in our present building, are not such as to admit of complete training in domestic duties, which are so essential to their future usefulness, and our attempts are greatly embarassed. In the building in course of erection, (see frontispiece,) a "culinary school" for the girls, is contiguous to the kitchen, in which they will be taught bread, cake and pie making, and all the et ceteras for which they may be competent.

One interesting item in connection with these children is, that they are assembled every evening, before their retirement, and either Ellen or Frances reads from the Bible, a chapter adapted to their comprehension, after which they unite in silent prayer. For this exercise they manifest a serious regard, and that it has elevated their moral characters we have no doubt.

CHAPTER VI.

Four Low Cases.

ANNA

Has been with us but a short time. She is very unprepossessing in appearance; and it is rare that her eye can be long arrested, to gaze at anything; she is extremely obstinate, and submits with ill grace to any authority; and yet, beneath that rude and repulsive exterior, are hidden some tracings of intellect, which, as the slight pencilings of sunlight, on the sensitive plate, may be intensified, when properly fostered and encouraged.

She had been with us nearly two days, before she voluntarily tasted food; no coaxing could induce her to be seated at our table, and immediately, when forcible effort was made, her slender body was bent as a bow, and no exertion could fix her in her

chair; when asked to go, or do anything, however simple the request, and easy its accomplishment, she dropped, as lead, to the floor, and her body, with her obstinacy, seemed to treble its actual weight.

No articulate sound escaped her, excepting a disagreeable and almost incessant moan, that it is impossible to describe or compare. Her only amusement consisted in unraveling ropes; she would find these in the most secreted places, and stand by the hour, if so allowed, absorbed with this eccentric pleasure. Her attention was soon diverted from such useless and destructive diversion, to threading beads, of which she is now passionately fond.

By firm discipline, at first followed by a gradual and temperate exhibition of affection, the child has lost very much of her perverseness; she now never throws herself upon the floor in obstinacy, but often signifies much pleasure when called up in a class with others; she has even attempted to join in singing, and makes very creditable efforts at dancing. She marches in drills, and uses the dumb bells with much energy, while, at the table, no one would recognize the bad habits of a few weeks since.

Anna has a warm heart. She is always ready to receive visitors, by pressing forward to shake their hands, and "goo' bye" has become an habitual ex-

pression with her. "Look there," and "tie," are words she has recently made use of. Her brow is no longer lowering, towards all and every thing, but a sweet smile often plays over her features, when praised for any feeble, though great, feat she may have performed; and the remark is sometimes made, "Anna can look really pretty."

SALLIE,

An innocent little girl of eleven years, has been afflicted the greater portion of her life, with epilepsy; her attacks are very much less frequent than formerly, she having had but three paroxysms during the past year, these were very severe, however, and prostrated her exceedingly.

She was a perfect mute, and, one year ago, sat in our school, the most listless child there; nothing could animate her, not even music. When called upon to unite in any thing, her head turned obstinately to one side, her eyes closed, her teeth set, the type of perverseness. She was extremely nervous; the most trivial annoyance throwing her into great

agitation, in which she would often fall to the floor, severely injuring herself. Sallie was an object for our pity, and this, and to make her comfortable, seemed to be the only offices to discharge towards her.

Under a medicinal course, continued for some months, her physical condition very much improved; she occasionally exhibited interest, in any excitement occurring around her, and one morning, she was heard vehemently scolding a room-mate—"Naughty girl—tell Miss ———." Soon after, she was noticed on our piazza with a mute, lower than herself, attempting to instruct him how to stride a hobby horse; in her anxiety that he should succeed, she struck him on the back, exclaiming, "up! Ab! up!"

She now threads beads with great rapidity, and shows much taste in their arrangement; selecting from a saucer of different colors, all those of light shade, preferring those of light, to dark blue, &c. What we consider, for Sallie, a wonderful performance is, that she places in position all the blocks in the form boards.

She even joins in our school room songs, especially in that nursery favorite, "Happy Land," some of the words of which she articulates. In the exercise

of general phonetics, she often takes an interested part, and she has been induced to elevate her voice to the highest key, in the pronunciation of some words. Her amiability, is of course greatly increased. She seldom resists mild authority, and a few encouraging words, or a little adulation, will generally charm her out of any trouble she may be in.

When we remember this little creature, with quivering limbs, averted head, and closed eyes, one of the most hopeless of our unpromising children; and now see her with steady hand, sparkling eye, and laughing face, busily engaged with her beads and blocks, we are greatly encouraged to protract our efforts in every individual case, and are slow to pronounce any case as incapable of improvement.

MARY.

A sprightly, frail child of twelve years; chiefly interesting, as an epileptic case, in which there has been a suspension of attacks for *ten months.* At home they had been frequent and severe, continuing in convulsion twelve or eighteen hours, and hence,

her energies were greatly enfeebled and her mind impaired. *She has not had a single attack, since her entrance into the Institution.*

Though one of our most intelligent looking children, she is one of the slowest in the acquirement of the most rudimental fact. Block building, and bead stringing, she is fond of, and these are the elementary steps, by which she may some time elevate herself to a more prominent place in our school.

ANNIE.

This poor child was admitted eighteen months ago, and presented as disgusting an appearance as human nature can assume. About nine years of age, her head was of extraordinary size, and thickly covered with long, coarse, black hair, which hung over her downcast brow, and hid most of her face. When, by accident, her eyes could be seen, they were found to be jet black, and glaring as with some smothered passion that swelled for expression. Her face was pale and emaciated, her form stooped, and cat-like in its movements, and her driveling, open jaws, made up her personal characteristics.

Her habits were very filthy; she had no selectiveness of food, so that the dog's kennel, or the swill barrel, were frequent resorts to gratify her morbid appetite.

Her only language was in vociferous and passionate cries; she had never been known to utter a word. Repulsive herself, she had been repelled by others, so that confidence had died out, or, perhaps, had never dawned in her bosom.

In her early school room experience, she exhibited great fondness for bead stringing, and to this day, the familiar box of beads is always new to her, and is greeted with loud demonstrations of pleasure, when taken from the case.

In this innocent and improving amusement, she expended her surplus nervous energy, threading with a rapidity that was remarkable, but yet there seemed no fixedness of thought, for her eyes leeringly scowled from under her dark and prominent brows, until, attracting notice, her face was instantly buried in her hands or lap.

Efforts were sometimes made to persuade the child to raise her head for a moment, and exchange look for look; it was thought that her obstinacy might be tired out by long sittings, but all that was done, either by persuasion, coercion or patience, was entirely fruitless. She seemed shut out from the world by

her own seclusiveness, and after long and wearisome trials to win her confidence, and repeated failures, interest was in a measure lost in her, and she seemed more repulsive than ever. But at this time, when least observed, she was making greatest improvement.

One day "Home, Sweet Home" was played on a musical instrument, and the words sung; to our children the piece was new, and many little faces kindled, as the sweet and touching chorus struck on their ears. And Annie—poor, obstinate, wilful Annie—caught the measured strains, and perchance was inspired with the burden of those beautiful words, "Home, Sweet Home;" for in a distant corner, alone, she was responding in a way that was strangely new; her head, jaws, and limbs, all moving in harmony with the heart stirring music.

Still, the child did not repose that confidence in those about her, which must be obtained, to make our labor successful. Her palsied humanity required a startling impression, to awaken a trusting attachment:—an opportunity occurred.

An abscess over the knee joint, had given the child much pain for several days: her piteous cries, and her pale face, told the sufferings that language failed to.

She was put to bed, the abscess opened, and immediate relief followed; so that she fell into a sweet,

refreshing sleep. Early next morning, Annie came bounding forward, with a wild joy that cannot be forgotten, pulled her pants up, exclaiming, "Docky! Docky! look 'a there!"

A new era, had broken upon the darkened chaos, of her idiotic mind; she had been touched with sympathy; the sharp edge of the lancet, had accomplished more than the mere relief to pain: it had a strong moral effect upon her, and the person whose hand had guided it, was thereafter an idol to the poor little girl.

Those simple words, "Docky! look 'a there," became her habitual expression; a thousand objects before unnoticed, she was now concious had an existence, and with every new discovery of beauty, form or motion, her joyous "eureka" loudly proclaimed it, to those in whom her faith had been established.

Annie now rapidly improved, she became as boisterously affectionate, as she had been before repulsive, and her habits underwent corresponding change. Our register enumerates several words that she has given utterance to—"Ellen," "dog bite me," "want dinnah," &c.

She engages in the ordinary simple exercises of children of her class, and we shall watch her progress with great interest.

CHAPTER VII.

Two Interesting Semi-Mutes.

ALFRED,

A large, fine looking, and well developed boy of nineteen years, was admitted, semi-mute and partially deaf. He was wild and unmanageable at home, despising authority, and possessing a full share of self-reliance. Very kind to little children, he was tyrannical and tormenting to his equals in age, while any exhibition of gentleness towards himself, was loudly jeered as "baby! baby!" Head-strong, he had picked up some facts intuitively, and what could not be so acquired, he allowed to slip as beneath his notice, generally exclaiming, "Pooh! —won't do!"

A few facts from his early history are note-worthy. He did not walk until two years of age, and was tongue tied in babyhood. Between his third and

fourth year, he assumed the culinary office, in the absence of his mother. Dough had been left by the stove to rise, our young hopeful proceeded to make it into flat cakes, and the baking was progressing finely when the mother returned.

At five years of age, having broken a pane of glass, he was so frightened that he left his home, was lost, and not found for two days; he had wandered nearly three miles away, and was found by a lady, crying bitterly. The little speechless boy, was taken from the cold door step, and kindly cared for, until his friends obtained a clue to his whereabouts.

In his eighth year, he accomplished a hazardous feat, that came very near resulting in his death by drowning. The Delaware, being thinly frozen over, Alfred unwittingly went upon it to slide. The first few steps from the wharf were firm, but the ice beginning to break, the boy ran with the fleetness of an antelope, for an adjoining wharf, half a square distant. A crowd of spectators stood in breathless anxiety for his safety. At every footfall, the brittle ice gave way, and the water gushed up through the opening; but Alfred was too nimble to be caught in the breaking fragments; he gained the piers of the distant wharf in safety, and was lifted up, amid shouts of joy from the excited throng.

In his eleventh year, his parents, as pioneers, traveled for the distant west. Alfred accompanied them; the rough life, and continual changes of this period, were very congenial to his tastes; he observed everything, and stored away numerous facts that most boys would have passed unnoticed. The ponderous machinery of the Western rivers delighted him, and he would stand by the hour, watching every motion of the engineer in the government of his valves and cranks.

After a residence of one year in Iowa, the mother with her children returned to Philadelphia. Alfred was now a large boy, and disposed to care for himself; his industry led him to the markets, where for a small compensation, he assisted the hucksters with their produce. Regularly, at five o'clock, he would be found at the wagons, unloading them, and arranging the stalls. So trustworthy was he, that large quantities of vegetables, were thus consigned solely to his care, and sometimes even their sale, when prices were marked to aid him. With a worthy zeal, he had learned to count and give change. This became essential to him, when engaged with a relative, in the manufacture of segars and torpedoes; of these he made large quantities, when so disposed, and packed them away by tens.

Alfred's taste was all for excitement, and this he sought in the most natural places, in a large city—the engine house, police station and bar room. No street fight, and no arrest, occurred in his ward that Alfred was not on the ground, perseveringly obtaining what details of the case he could. On his return, the scene was elaborately represented to his friends, with violent gestures and excited gibberish. No alarm of fire was sounded, that Alfred's ear did not catch, and his fleetness put him among the first at the burning building where, nimble as a cat, he seemed in every place, with a hand for every thing. For parades, ship launchings, political meetings, &c., he seemed to possess a fore-knowledge, being always an attentive observer, and entering freely into the enthusiasm of all parties and all complexions. His quick perception took in more, through his eyes, than many would, with perfect senses.

His associations were thus thrown among the most reckless and wicked of our population, whose vicious conduct and habits the boy eagerly imitated. It was impossible to comprehend more than a few words, of his voluble gibberish; his oaths, however, were terribly plain, and when angered no limitation was set to them; ordinarily he used them very frequently, and directed to all objects, animate or inanimate.

We were at first surprised at his proficiency, in this, and his deficiency, in other forms of speech; but we remembered that oaths are by far the most frequently repeated words in the language, and our poor boy had been educated, line upon line, to utter his meaningless blasphemy.

How far he has been made a tool, by lawless gangs, no one can tell; we interpret, from his own narratives, that frequently he has been put forward for the commission of crimes, where hardened villains were fearful of detection, while they knew that Alfred's condition, would screen him from arrest and punishment. His proclivity for arson, when he first came among us, confirms this opinion. He did not comprehend the wrong, in setting on fire a neighboring meadow of dry hay, and it was fine sport to him when, with a barrow loaded with blazing materials, he rushed through the grounds, yelling and laughing, and enveloped in a cloud of flame and smoke.

He was very fond of theatrical performances, and always brought home a rich entertainment for his friends: the ludicrous portions of a play were faithfully represented, and his merriment on such occasions, was immoderate. His powers of mimicry are remarkable; there is no crippled step that he cannot mock, and no eccentricity of manner or movement,

that his quick eye does not perceive: some of our boys, he knows by name, but the majority are designated by some peculiarity in gait or habit. With some, this mimicry involves him in trouble; especially with "big Edward," of equal size and superior pugnacity: the latter has become more reconciled to Alfred's mischievous fun, excusing him as "the crazy boy with a hole in his head."

Alfred's attainments when he came with us, were few, as may be derived from the above; he had never been fond of books; confinement to any set pursuit, was irksome; his concentrativeness was sadly deficient; whatever he did was spasmodic, and more from fancy, than with a rational impulse to execute. Most of his letters he had accidentally picked up; he knew their forms, but articulated only a few, correctly, likewise so with numerals.

We anticipated much trouble, to keep Alfred within the discipline of our place, and concluded to allow his innocent caprices and harmless mischief, gradually introducing him to our habits. In a little while this course was eminently successful.

He is now punctual at his desk, when not prevented by other employment. No books were imposed upon him at first: his slate and pencil occupied his attention pleasantly; he was fond of figures and ad-

dition, multiplication and subtraction were rapidly acquired, and now he is working in division. As new tables were given, they were carefully written by him, on loose scraps of paper, and he is frequently found, alone, industriously studying them. Recently, he has been placed at the letter board and reading book; his progress is slow; all active verbs, must be acted, and all nouns, represented, to convey to him an understanding of the words he reads: of course he learns the meaning of groups of letters, before he can recall their names. A stranger, might be amused with one of our "reading lessons;" the word "jump" is thoughtfully considered, and a vigorous leap suits action to it; the name cannot be given. "Catch," he represents by seizing a class mate by the arm, and treating him police style; this evolution helps him to the word. The sentence "You'll catch it!" is a favorite one. The jaws masticate an imaginary food, when "eat" is the word, and animals are represented, not very accurately, however, by the sounds they make. We find greatest difficulty to convey to his mind, an impression of the particles of language, though we are much surprised with the rapidity, with which he commits these by rote, before he will the more familiar objects around him: "so," "into," "be," "had," &c., he has soon learned, while it was

a week, before the term "cow," as applied to the assemblage of letters and the animal that browsed within sight of his window, was known. When he had learned the meaning of c-o-w, which he indicated, by putting his fingers as horns to his head, it was a long time, before he would call the word or the animal appropriately, frequently answering "chair," and "hog," instead of cow; though both of the former objects were familiar to him, when meeting their symbols in his book; for, point to the word "chair," and he laid his hand on the back of his own,—point to the word "hog," and he answered with a squeal: but *call* these objects by name, and although he might repeat the words by imitation, yet of their meaning he was totally unconscious. We have dwelt thus much in detail, as we think that some of our readers, interested in psychological phenomena, will derive some pleasure, in an analysis of the quality of mind, presented in this case.

Alfred, in this eccentric manner, is making commendable progress in reading, and will, no doubt, after protracted exercise, read understandingly. His improvement in vocalization, is slow but positive; but his habits of enunciation, have become so confirmed, that we fear he will never improve so much, as to be able to converse intelligibly, unless some

change takes place, by which the will, may more effectually govern the vocal apparatus.

Wild as Alfred is, he is quite obedient to firm and just authority. He is far more likely to ridicule, than to resist government, and under such circumstances, if once the rigid face of discipline, is relaxed into a smile, at his amusing antics, there is an end to control, and with loud hurrahs and reckless leapings, he is beyond persuasion and order, in an instant.

Alfred is industrious; in work, play, or mischief, he is never slow. Not long since, when a company of our boys were returning, by cars, from a jaunt they had taken, Alfred, delighted with the knowledge that their faces were homeward, gave expression to his feelings, in a variety of "capers." The drowsy travelers in the car, were all kept awake by the "strange boy," and a jolly, social, old judge, particularly amused with him, called him "Sanguinity," a name most applicable.

In the earnest desire he shows, to be taught reading, he would shame many of our younger friends. His spelling book is carried in his pocket, and any person who will spend a minute with him, is eagerly sought. On Sabbath days we have frequently found him in his room, with a Bible in his lap, opened at the favorite psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd."

This is often repeated by our school in concert, and poor Alfred tries to recognize the words in the book, by the confusion of sounds the recitation has made in his mind.

This interesting boy is very fond of music—frequently, when all our children are singing, he will sit silent and sad in a corner, a tear starting to his fine eye, and more than once he has tried to throw in a few notes with the melody, modestly concealing his mouth with his hand when so doing.

An old accordeon is an article of great delight to him; he places his ear close to the keys, and enjoys the changing tones which he produces. Occasionally, after dusk, he attempts a serenade for our neighbors —the cracked accordeon and his dismal caterwauling, are good accompaniments.

Recently he has been given a little instruction on the melodeon—he has learned the four chords in a natural key, almost without aid, and a hope is entertained that he may become a performer.

We are unable to say, to what extent he has a knowledge of God and his attributes. The roll of thunder, seems to impress him with a sense of religious veneration; he crosses his hands, and looks towards heaven, with evident awe. The Bible, when shown him, and asked "Who did it?" he invariably

exhibits the same signs. His home education has not been such as to instruct him in these things, and it is an interesting inquiry, whether he possesses intuitively, a recognition of the existence of God.

That it is not the *sound* of thunder that he considers God, but rather that the latter produces the former, is inferred from the fact that he personifies Deity as a *man*, by stroking his own face (representing beard) and looking towards the fancied place of his abode.

Of right and wrong he possesses a general conception. It is his habit, when he has committed any infringement of our rules, scrupulously to avoid any contact with the injured parties, even before charge has been made. We can always surmise, from his clouded brow and high color, when any thing is amiss.

We feel, that from the considerable progress he has made, that ultimately he will become a useful man. His vacillating habits are not peculiar to him; his youthful vigor must find a natural expansion, as is the case with all youth; and we are sure that the quiet of school, and the even tenor of country life, with its healthful employments and recreation, will in a year or two, very much modify his boisterous, inconstant disposition, and qualify him for some

steady occupation, at which he may make a livelihood.

We are about to put him at a sewing machine, in our own building; for this he manifests great interest, and if his zeal continues, he will make for himself a comfortable maintenance.

Much space has been devoted to Alfred. Our apology must be, the large place he shares in our affection. He is a big boy, wild by nature, but domesticating himself, wherever he is treated generously; and exhibiting all the simplicity, modesty, and confidence of a little child.

JOHNNIE.

On page 21 of Dr. Parrish's report for 1858, the following remarks and case are given:

"*Defective Articulation.*—Under this head, we include all imperfections of speech, not before referred to; as stammering, lisping, or a dropping of certain letters, or syllables from a word. The defect may be purely functional, or it may be the result of anatomical malformation. Naturally intelligent chil-

dren may be taken for imbeciles on account of this deficiency. They cannot say what they think; and the very fact of their inability to make themselves understood, often prevents them from repeating the effort; and they settle down into a listless condition, which they have not the energy to resist, until the mind fails to be developed, for the want of stimulus to effort. These are very interesting and instructive cases, and demand especial care—care that is not contemplated in ordinary systems of instruction. The following brief glossary, will exhibit the peculiarities of one case, now under treatment, in which the language is singularly perverted.

"Bee-wee	means	Little, small, or few.
Hawdey	"	Up, out, away.
Bobby	"	Dog.
Dindey	"	Car, or cars.
Daw-day	"	Sunday, or God's day.
Daddy-beau	"	A nurse.
Gongy	"	Dirty, ugly.
Gongy-bomey	"	Dirty, ugly, (more emphatic than Gongy.)
Houngy	"	Home.
Hou-day	"	This day.
My	"	I, me, my.

"Own-hoo	means	Sugar.
Pee-bay	"	Bread.
Pee-pay	"	Paper.
Tee-haw	"	Cold water.
Ting-ting day	"	Christmas day.
Tondy	"	A carriage.
Tingy	"	A string.
&c., &c., &c.		

"This child understands distinctly what is meant by the use of proper language. If he is asked to have water or sugar, it is not necessary to employ his synonyms for these words,—Tee-haw and Own-hoo,—for his mind fully appreciates the difference between the true and false names; but because of his general physical infirmity, there is a lack of ability to command his articulation."

To the curious, and to the philologist, it will be interesting to give examples of the mode, in which this child associates his symbols, to express his ideas.

1. *Gĕt ă kōky, bōt-ā ah—nŏtĭn, te no body.*

The first half of this sentence, is derived from a popular song, which was partially learned by Johnnie some years ago. The whole sentence he repeats many times a day, and under many different circumstances. If interested in some pictures or with a map, he

quietly repeats them. If any glad news is suddenly told him, this breaks forth, as pleasure, &c.

2. *Mi daw ĕn taw-she dā tŭ: bes shing ing O.*
I glad when cod-fish day come: best thing in world.

3. *Mi ō how poo bōngy hawdy nō.*
I know how pull bones out not.

The peculiar grammatical construction of the sentences above, will be observed.

4. *Eē ō ba hō dŏn ŏng mah hing; Beau gŏ-kā ing*
Lizzie opened box, throw down on my finger; Beau melodeon in
ŏ; Beau nŏ ing ŏ.
office; Beau not in office.

The lid of the melodeon case was thrown upon Johnnie's fingers; he complains to *Beau*, the intimate lady friend who performs, telling her where the instrument had been placed. All musical instruments are *go-kas*, we believe.

6. *Dŏ hawdy tā, ing daddy-beau's oom—dă ōng ding.*
Go up stairs in nurse's room get one drink.

Daddy-beau, is an habitual title for all nurses, male or female.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our Little Mimics.

NEDDIE.

Ned is a child of misfortune, yet no one could be more indifferent to fate, and take reverses with more philosophic resignation.

A pigmy in size, and incessant talker, conversant with all subjects, Ned is a universal favorite and yet a universal pest. He was born to command; and though his intellect is no match for his authority, the latter he will be sure to exert, even if it is confined within the humble limits, of an asylum, for his kind. There is sufficiently of the Emerald Isle in his ancestral line, to give him a nationality, and a character — hence, without knowledge, he always knows, and in utter ignorance, he will always answer — the last friend, or the friend of to-day, is the best friend he ever knew; and in the affection he

lavishes to-day, he forgets, or grows careless about the attachments of yesterday.

Ned was born in Philadelphia, of drunken parentage; his early life was one of suffering and want; subjected at one time, to the cruelties of brutal intemperance, in another moment he was cajoled and pampered, with all the excess of an Irish mother; under such early influences, that he should be any other than a dwarfed idiot, would be miraculous. And what *is* a marvel, out of it all, his little heart has come, with a tenacious affection for the besotted woman he calls "mother," and the fancied place he calls "home!"

He first came under our notice, in one of the public hospitals of Philadelphia, where he had been placed for serious inflammation of the eyes, associated with an inveterate skin disease. He was a little moving skeleton; his constitution ruined by bad air, bad diet, and bad treatment; and his mind, though volatile, quite defective. The hospital was the first place, where he had received uniform kindness, and his little heart, with the elasticity common to children, rebounded to meet the tender attentions bestowed upon him. He soon became a merry boy, and a general favorite.

During the course of his treatment, he had a very

serious relapse, which almost cost the little sufferer his life. His mother visited him as often as she could, and always partially intoxicated. On one of her visits, it was discovered that she had secretly given the child a quantity of *whiskey;* and upon inquiry, the fact was ascertained, that she had fed him from infancy, with crackers moistened in rum or whiskey!

The disease of his eyes having been arrested, Ned was removed to this Institution, where the pitiable object, whose sad history excited sympathy, soon became domiciled. He was delighted with his new abode, and became thoroughly acquainted with the domestic polity of the house, from kitchen to loft; he became a self constituted usher, introducing visitors to our school room, and conducting the more feeble children to their meals — this is all done with a superior air, altogether disproportionate to the dimensions of the young man.

When we come to speak of Ned's attainments, we are at considerable loss where to begin, and what to say: he is too smart to learn, too excursive in his habits, to apply himself to anything like actual study; but in dumb bell and slack rope exercises, he has not an equal in our school. If his mind is too volatile, and his attention too feeble, to learn a letter, he

is an apt scholar in dancing, and imitates in the most laughable manner, the genuflections of his instructor.

Ned's smartness consists in good guessing—hence in outline geography he shows to good advantage, if the questions are "in order"—his sight is so imperfect that he can not see much that is printed, yet his memory by rote is good, and all the capitals of the States are known by name to him.

He has a glibe tongue, a keen appreciation of music, a mellow voice, and good time—all the qualifications to make him a singer; a tune struck too *low*, always calls from him the exclamation, "Oh, that there is too low," &c.

He is capable of Emerald bulls. In the room above his dormitory, a large tank is situated, into which the water was allowed to run through all one night. Next morning, Ned entered complaint, as follows: "Oh, my dracious! the tank run in my head so, I could sleep not all night!"

His redeeming virtue is, that he is a reliable errand boy; his little legs fly to an order, and his tongue does not falter, in its correctness. This is remarkable for his years, and points to usefulness in his more developed condition.

Neddie's history reveals a sad and fearful state of morals, among the degraded classes of our large

cities. His idiotcy and disease, may be traced directly to the want of nurture, in his early years; and it becomes a question of political economy, whether legal supervision, ought not to *seek out*, and correct the terrible abuses which, we are too certain, exist in the low abodes of squalid want and vice. How many little, suffering children, raise their piteous wail to heaven, from those haunts of licentiousness, and degradation! Steeped and seethed in crime, from the moment they enter the world, and hardened as steel, by brutality; what surprise is it, that, before their tongues cease lisping, they commence swearing, and before men, they are murderers; and, while we tolerate a nursery of crime, why wonder and regret, that annually our criminal records, expose such a large percentage of juvenile theft, outrage, arson, and murder?

It is such lamentable associations, too, that produce the majority of our morally insane, and idiotic; because all law, physiologic, human and divine, is defied and violated.

ALICE

Is a little girl of nearly eight years. The victim of acute and chronic disease, she was presented to us, fifteen months ago; a decrepid, pale, torpid, and almost toothless child, with keen black eyes, a very protruding under jaw, stooped shoulders, and ungainly walk.

She did not engage in the sports of our children, but preferred to crouch in a corner, or bask in the sun; her withered, demure look, gaining for her the appellation of "*grandmother.*"

For several months she used little or no speech; we regarded her as a semi-mute, though lately, we have been informed that at home she spoke some words, but had never articulated sentences.

The child needed association of her own age; she had never been accustomed to it, and its strangeness paralyzed her energies. To open a communication with her, she was placed at dumb-bells, of which she soon became fond; her next step was to engage, with mongrel sounds, in the hymns of the children; and phonetics were brought to bear on her case, with decided advantage. Her seclusiveness was broken through, and the warm gushings of childhood were

again loosened, and flowed toward any one that bestowed a smile, or a caress upon ALICE. She was no longer the sullen, speechless and crouching little deformity; for health bloomed on her cheeks, soul sparkled in the light from her eyes, and her language was as free and varied, as the swiftly changing impressions of her developing mind.

She takes great pleasure in singing "Happy Land," and one of the earliest sentences she uttered was, a request that it should be sung. The first sentence she constructed was under the following circumstances: she had mislaid her shoes the night before, and in the morning was in much anxiety to find them, so as to be in time for breakfast. A long search had only increased her uneasiness, when, opening a closet door, she espied her shoes. She jumped for joy, exclaiming, "My sakes! this is my shoe—I 'clare." She soon after, became a notorious talker, and in the early morning, while dressing, one might imagine that ALICE had entire supervision of the household, from her multiform questions and orders among the children.

She is very eager to appear well in company, and hence takes considerable notice of what is going on around her, receiving in an indirect way, many little grains of knowledge. She has become tolerably

acquainted with the outline map of the United States, and is an *echo* of the class in Geography, screaming at the top of her voice, all that they say. She reads short words, and in block building is quite ingenious. We entertain hopes of very considerable advance in her case.

CHAPTER IX.

Our Southern Boy.

EDWIN.

We cannot better introduce the history of Edwin, than by the following summary of a letter, written by his brother.

"For some time before his birth, Edwin's father had been in the habit of eating opium to excess. The impress was left upon the constitution of the child. He was a quiet infant, and was never known to cry, except when hurt. He did not walk till he was six years old, and was very timid. He never talked, but knew and called his household associates by name. He asked for nothing, and all his wants had to be anticipated.

"At seven years he showed some signs of improvement. He was fond of riding on horseback with his brother, and was especially interested in

the dogs on the farm, and spent much time with them. He loved his home, but cared not for boys or books; had no contrivance nor energy. He was fond of solitude, and indulging this taste, soon fell from his apparent improvement, became uncleanly in his habits, and sank into a state of lethargy and unconcern, though he was always fond of caresses and indulgence. His parents died within about a year of each other, and he manifested no feeling or apparent knowledge of their departure."

The most striking incidents in his history, are thus described:

"When Edwin was about seven years old, it was a habit to imitate my father in holding religious service at night, before retiring to bed; he would go through with all the ceremony; he would first read, as he pretended, a chapter in the Bible or any book convenient, then stand up and sing awhile, then kneel down and pray, modulating his voice while praying, so that one not close enough to hear distinctly, would think some person was really at prayers, would always pronounce 'Amen' very distinctly when through. It was a habit with him also, to make speeches, (as the family used to call them,) to his shadow, on the wall, occasioned by the candle-light. His gestures were truly remarkable,

not only gracefully made, but at proper times. He would emphasize his words, and appeared to be trying to convince his shadow of something highly important, and sometimes would become so much interested in his cause as to entirely forget where he was, and on being disturbed would exprsss great dissatisfaction at it, and commence again in a manner as though he had lost the connection of his discourse. It was remarked by all that saw him in one of these moods, to be something most singular. Since the death of his parents I have never heard him engage in one of these speeches."

Edwin was brought to us, one hot day in the month of August, 1856, having traveled more than three thousand miles. Exhausted by fatigue and exposure to heat, he presented a most pitiable condition. His face was wrinkled, as with age, and the skin had a parchment look; his yellow hair hung over his light blue, expressionless eyes, which he carefully hid with his raised arm, when the least notice was turned upon him. Even with support, his gait was difficult and tottering, throwing out his limbs with hesitation, and feeling the soil in advance of him, before fixing his foot.

Every object, animate or inanimate, was received with apprehension or great alarm, which he simply exhibited by kicking, and crying, "Oh!"

He employed no articulate speech, either by persuasion or imitation, and expressed no natural wants, even by signs.

We considered him one of our lowest cases of idotcy. No dawn of cheering intelligence beamed from those leaden eyes; no smile of pleasure played over those marred features; the semblance of man only was seen—impassive, unobserving, and intellectually dead. He would lounge by the hour, basking himself in the warm sun; no question would arouse him, no want compel him to change his favorite place.

It was necessary to stimulate him to some exertion, to teach him that his limbs were motive and not motionless, so he was made to walk and run, supported on each side by strong arms; this he resisted with all his strength, contorting his body in every possible direction, and making the most remarkable grimaces we ever remember to have seen. An accordeon, for which he pretended great fear, was played behind him, he hobbled away from it, supporting himself by the backs of chairs, and the side walls, as an infant who is commencing to walk. A strong impression was necessary to arouse him to this exertion, and the signs of terror he exhibited, were only expressive of his opposition to the exercise he was compelled to take.

One of the first articulate sounds made, more than oh! was about a month after his residence with us. A colored barber coming up the road to our door, Edwin, indolently lounging on the piazza, accidentally caught sight of him; his head raised from his hand, his blue eyes for the first time filled with astonishment. It was the first negro that he had seen since leaving his southern home, and his glad heart leaped within his bosom, as he exclaimed, "Oh, you!" This spontaneous outburst had its origin, no doubt, in some dim remembrance of his distant home, as he has since given many conclusive evidences of retained impressions.

Edwin soon used his limbs, though very feebly and awkwardly; he raised each foot as high as his opposite knee, and sometimes held it for a moment, as if questioning the safety of the floor, or the validity of terra firma. A stairway was Edwin's most frightful trial; and although the odor of dinner, and the musical ring of the bell, both of which his senses now rejoice in perceiving, might tempt his footsteps down the flight, yet his terrors often got the mastery of him; if allowed, he would crawl down, feet foremost, with the most amusing care.

Swings, rocking boats, ladders, wheelbarrows—every possible thing that could be employed for his

amusement or instruction, were all alike objects of fright. We always considered that he was an impostor in the amount of fear he displayed, and hence disregarded his cries and struggles.

Though very fond of music, he would not approach the instrument, and effort to draw him toward it was forcibly resisted; at such times he would use some odd ejaculations, "Oh! my sakes, I's scared!" "Oh! car' me out!" &c. Occasionally he used an oath in the usual style. Recently, he was induced, after much trial, to take a chalk pencil in hand. Then came a doubly difficult task to get him near a blackboard. Neither persuasion nor example accomplishes anything with Edwin under such circumstances, so he was pushed towards the board, while he vigorously kicked and employed his peculiar idioms; but the board once touched with the chalk, he became quiet and soon interested himself with random markings.

Edwin was as dependent on external agencies for his life and motion, as a stone for its increase in dimension. After he had been with us for months, he had not performed the most simple voluntary effort; not even to cross the room or move his seat; even a commanding call would not suffice to rouse him, and yet a small child by a push or pull could

make him go or come. When all our children have been romping around, Edwin has stood an entire afternoon in one position, with his arm hiding his eyes; and no inducement was sufficient to stimulate him to independent action.

The first example of this latter was *to play with a straw.* We considered it a note-worthy event, when, one afternoon, he leaned forward from the grassy seat where he was sitting, and grasped in his feeble fingers, a long straw; this he played with, as a babe would with a rattle, but as soon as observed he immediately discontinued it. But this, unimportant in itself, was an interesting point in his development; it showed the first and feeblest of a series of voluntary acts, which we felt sure would be geometrical in their progression; and the anticipated result of that one feeble act was soon apparent.

Edwin had eaten a comfortable dinner, and whilst sitting, with his accustomed *malaise*, in his habitual chair, he was aroused from his indolence by a vigorous shake, and "come boy! what are you sitting here for? get your cap, and take a walk; you are too lazy." His hat was thrust over his brows, and he was urged out of the door. The suddenness of this treatment was new to him; he stood but a moment, as though considering what best to do, and then

tramped off down the hill, and after walking a hundred yards, came to a low rail fence; here he stopped, and resting his chin on the top of a post, attentively watched the motions of a cow in the adjoining field. Thus he stood for a long time. A new world had opened before him, and impelled with something akin to curiosity or discovery, he now attempted to climb the bars; failing in this, he viewed the rails as thoughtfully as a student would ponder over a problem in Euclid. A happy thought animated him, and with head foremost, he squeezed himself through, between two bars, and continued his walk. Occasionally he stopped, and cast his eye from the base, to the top of an oak tree, and then he gazed with astonishment on the leaves fluttering in the wind, or looked down upon the ruffled waters of the pond, as though conscious for the first time that such things existed. The loud halloes of some distant boys arrested his attention—he turned his head to catch the sounds, as they died away among the hills.

Thus he continued his walk, until brought to a stand by a high fence. Here, he would doubtless have staid, for leaning against a tree, watching the changing clouds and falling leaves, and catching the echoing sounds, he seemed in a state of perfect

tranquillity. The teacher, who watched these movements, directed some strange boys, who happened that way, to escort him home; so that this first attempt at individual enterprise, was made independent of any aid from home.

From this time, improvement at intervals was noticed in Edwin's case. He became more imitative; any given word he would repeat. A brisk tune called from him the expression, "that's good." He commenced beating time for singing. On one occasion, he wheeled a barrow voluntarily, and was delighted to place one of our little ones in it. A pup dog thrown into his bed, after his pretended terror was expended, won from him the words, "pretty little dog."

Pictures were employed to arrest his attention, to instruct him words, and to teach him forms; he soon became familiar with a large number; with many, he seemed acquainted before these exercises were commenced. The fox, he persisted in calling "stenky." By inquiry, we find it is a common name for this animal, among the negroes at the South.

Although he seldom asks questions, he makes use of very many words by exclamation. A number of engravings were placed in his hands, he spent the entire morning looking over them, and a few of his

remarks are appended. *A horse*—"Two ears—horse—four legs." *A goose*—"See goose." *A tiger*—"See tiger—scar' me—eat me." *A play carriage*—"See pretty little wagon—little boy—nice little boy." *Rural scene*—"See that bridge." Attempts to count a *group of men*—"One, two, three, five, six, eight, nine, twelve." *Hunting view*—"Look he' ah—two deer—see the swallows—pretty little deer." *Monkey*—"Halloa! see monkey! what mon-mon-mon-monkey doin' thar?" *Prairie and animals*—"Ugh! Heigho! Buffalo! Heigh O! Another buffalo." *Squirrel*—"My stars—see that squirrel." *Snakes*—"Hi yi!—look out—bite—two snakes—hi yi!—hi yi!" *Chicken yard*—"Halloa! look at rooster," and imitates the crow of one, &c., &c.

Edwin's natural indolence is now so far overcome, that he has become quite fond of ladder and dumb-bell exercise. Every round of the former has been a struggle to him, but he is now the first to run, when the call is given, "Ladder, boys, form line." He dances to the violin after genuine plantation fashion; sometimes joins a few words in chorus when the school is singing, and takes his own part when imposed upon by his companions.

He can count twelve, though perhaps by rote only; is familiar with a number of monosyllabic

words, and also a few colors. He is very fond of the form boards, putting the variously shaped blocks into their appropriate places. His case is interesting, as exhibiting marked physical and mental improvement, from a condition apparently hopeless.

CHAPTER X.

Our Traveler.

ORVILLE

Was born October 15, 1838. He is consequently nineteen years of age. To appearance only sixteen. He is a thick set, rubicond boy, with a stoop and long stride in his walk, and a peculiar ring in his heel as it strikes the floor, which is sufficiently demonstrative that Orville's moter force is set to music.

Quite early in life, he exhibited symptoms of nervous derangement, the least noise startling him in his sleep and throwing him into a paroxysm of weeping. His troubles were only soothed by music or singing, of which, even then, he was very fond. It was not until his fourth year that he commenced to walk, and he failed to talk plainly, before his ninth year. While young, he was the victim of much and serious disease, which no doubt affected, even more, his

already enfeebled mind. He never united in the plays of children of his own years: their taunts and contradictions angered him, and humming little melodies, with sluggish pace, he sought his miniature pleasures alone, among the hills and meadows, or in the poultry yard. His fondness for animals was as intense, as his passion for music: to every dog of the village, Orville was an acknowledged friend.

When quite young his parents removed to St. Kitts, one of the West India islands, in the capacity of Moravian Missionaries. While there, one of those devastating earthquakes so common in that region, took place: the rumbling noise; the heaving and rocking of the low walls, and the furniture thrown in confusion, were so alarming to Orville's sensitive mind, that he screamed with terror, and the parents hastily sought a more quiet and less dangerous spot. The house and church adjoining were soon a heap of ruins. Perhaps the weeping and terror of that imbecile boy, hastened the parents' tardy footsteps, and saved all from destruction.

An instance of Orville's great fondness for pets is given; he begged his mother to go with him and see a pretty worm he had found to play with; she went, and to her great consternation discovered it to be a large and dangerous snake, coiled and nestled in the top of a prickly pear.

The debilitating climate operated so unpleasantly on Orville's constitution, that they were obliged to return to the States. Whooping cough, succeeded by measles and scarlet fever in their worst forms brought him so low, that he was not expected to survive. Through all, his delicate constitution carried him, and the shafts of disease were broken at each successive attack. The poor, dependent child had redeemed the debt of his being, when the terror of the quaking ground had made him the deliverer of his people.

The yearnings of an intelligent, educated mother, were, that her son should become acquainted with at least the rudiments of his tongue. But no promise could woo his mind from its listlessness: the worst punishment that could be inflicted, was to call him away from his idle strolls, to his slate and book, and after five years of protracted attention, the only result was an imperfect acquaintance with the alphabet. Reading was next attempted. Orville had an eye to gaze upon the flowers, the springing grass-blades, the grazing herds on the hills, the birds that sang in the hedge, the delicate bee and beautiful butterfly; but in vain could its wanderings be fixed upon the page, and equally vain the mother's attempts to teach him to trace lines upon the slate.

He was exceedingly fond of church, and would

join in the singing, using words quite foreign however to the solemnities of the place: but anything ludicrous occurring, he would not hesitate in giving an uproarious appreciation of it.

It is rare to meet a case in which so much patient care is exhibited to improve an imbecile mind, and we cannot too highly honor that maternal interest and continual hopefulness, that has elevated Orville to the position he now occupies. She had not imbecility only to combat, for Orville is indolent beyond imagination. A cackling hen, or a playful puppy, or a cow in the vegetable garden, are the only incitements that can break his lumbering stride into a full run.

As it is four years since he entered our Institution, little decisive is known of his early acquirements; he probably had not proceeded beyond his letters, and his counting ability was not beyond ten. He was uncleanly in his habits, and subject to violent outbursts of passion; sometimes he assumed to be afflicted with spasms, and would fall over from his seat mimicking an epileptic convulsion; this he did when thwarted in any of his purposes or desires.

Of the last he has been entirely cured, and it is very rarely that he gives way to passion: he is strictly obedient, and nice in an extreme degree. In the

gymnasium he has made considerable effort; the muscles of his back being feeble, have incapacitated him for competing with the others; but he has taken sufficient exercise to greatly strengthen them; and he now moves his heavy body across a long horizontal ladder, supported by his arms only. "Dumb-bells to music" is a happy invention for him, for he throws soul, as well as body into the exercise.

At times, when not listless and lazy, he soon commits an arithmetical table—this he does after a curious style: he manages very well, if he beats time, and keeps up a rythmical song to his table, but if he loses a beat or an accent, he is broken up in his recitation. In reading he has made much progress; easy pieces he manages understandingly. He is tolerably familiar with the outline map of the United States; makes all the arithmetical figures, and is slowly learning to write.

He has some constructiveness, and upon this must be based all hope of future usefulness: on the slate he draws creditable houses, &c., and burlesque imitations of his instructors, which occasion for him immoderate jocularity. He can build a substantial block house: he is master mechanic in the erection of the rude play houses in the grove, and may be some day advanced to practical usefulness.

CHAPTER XI.

Our Type.

JAMES

Was admitted in February, 1857. We have never looked upon a more repulsive object than poor James. On his first visit, every one instinctively shrunk from his contact; his closely shorn hair decreased the really small diameters of his head, and made more frightfully disproportionate, the ponderous jaws and high cheek bones. There was great obliquity of the eyes, which rolled upward and exposed a large amount of the white; his lips seemed deficient in width, and were drawn tensely against his scurvied, bleeding gums, and decayed, irregular teeth, which were constantly revealed; his skin was of a dirty color, and blotched with a disagreeable eruption; his body was very much bent; his arms

hanging in front of him, or raised to allow his long, cold, and bony fingers to pass over the face or hands of the person with whom he might be sitting. He could not stand erect, his limbs were so contracted; and his straddling gait, and crouched form, as he ambled across the floor, reduced him, in appearance to the grade of something less than human. When undisturbed—his body continually swaying to and fro, his head thrown far back, his eyes rolling toward the ceiling, and his mouth widely open—he certainly illustrated, in his person, the description of the Swiss cretin, while his intellect was, perhaps, more clouded than the average of that class of unfortunate creatures.

His only expressed want, for many days, was, for *marbles*. The eager inquiry was always put, when any person was preparing to go out, "Where you going?" then followed the request, "Me want marbles!" When the marbles were purchased for him, he kept them in his pocket, their jingle affording him indescribable amusement.

Thus was James; pale, emaciated, and almost helpless; expressionless and inoffensive; apparently the lowest, and most unpromising type of idiotcy. We make use of the last sentence with full consciousness of its import: we mean, that no promise

could be given, and but little hope entertained of his improvement.

We allowed him to sit in our school room, and watched the effect of music, and of the children's exercises, upon him; his head was thrown further back, his long bony neck seemed lengthened, his naturally repulsive physiognomy heightened in repulsiveness. Was this, could this be, an expression of pleasure? It indeed was, and as such we treasured it. Beads were placed in his hands; of these he soon became fond; and while in the Gymnasium his stiffened and tottering limbs had been taught to climb a ladder, in the school room, those vacant, restless eyes had been fixed on a plate of beads, and the intellect *elicited* (not created) that could guide in the rapid selection and arrangement of colors. After several months' labor, the pleasing report came, that James could arrange beads, by threes, with intermediate buttons; and, as a test of his powers of enumeration, the question was given — "How many legs has a cow?" His answer was, "Two." "Oh! James — put on your cap — go out to that field and count how many legs that cow has." James moved off; this was the first time those bent limbs had followed out an object requiring continued thought; he made a direct line for the cow in the distant meadow: a few

yards brought him to a pointed, pale fence; after sundry scratches of his skin, and rents in his clothes, he scaled the sharp angles of the fence, and again moved on; squeezing between the rails of a second fence, he at length reached the place where the cow was standing; and now commenced a most amusing investigation: he walked around on all sides, sometimes would go on hands and knees, and was thus engaged the greater part of a summer's morning.

At length he was brought to dinner, and the conversation of the morning resumed. "How many legs has a cow?" "Four legs." "How many horns has a cow?" "Two horns." "How many eyes has a cow?" "Two eyes." Thus, James had accomplished a lesson, as deep and new to him as the most complicated invention, or most abstruse theory, that ever exercised genius.

Having made these important essays, he now began to notice everything that occurred about him. Visitors entering are critically inspected, and his observing and sensitive mind is often exhibited, when his face flushes with deep crimson, at such thoughtless remarks as, "Oh! what a creature—how repulsive."

An idiot has been defined, as one who cannot enumerate 20, measure a yard of cloth, &c. James,

with a little patient attention, soon counted twenty, and now fifty or more. His tongue is loosened, and he often engages in animated conversation with his teachers, and recalls, with facility, many of the associations of his home, from which he has now been separated a long time.

His mother has been deceased many years, and her place supplied by a faithful stepmother. As an instance of wonderful filial affection, we will add the following anecdote of James.

One Sabbath day, the children had been much entertained with an account of Heaven—it was called our heavenly home—the home to which we would all go, some day, and be with our parents and friends. An hour had elapsed, and other exercises had been engaged in, when in pleasantry the question was put, "All the children who would like to go home and see their friends, *before dinner*, stand up!" To go without dinner was a sober loss, to contemplate, and but few arose; but among the latter was poor James. They were asked if they would not rather wait until vacation, most consented, but James still stood. "Why James, you don't want to go to F——— and leave us, do you?" His cheek blushed, and eye kindled with earnestness. "No, no! me want mother in heaven!" That boy had

been impressed, in his soul, by the simple remarks of an hour previous; they had remained with him, and his act was responsive to the affection that revived in his breast, with the remembrance of a long lost mother.

Repulsive as James is, in appearance, the goodness and gentleness of his manners, and the real intelligence he now exhibits, are winning him many friends; he is watched with interest, by periodical visitors to our Institution, who are delighted with his progress in block building, *reading*, &c. He is now able to read a great many words, and writes several letters and figures on his slate.

CHAPTER XII.

Amusements.

ORIGINAL PLAYS,

OR THOSE WHICH REQUIRE THE EXERCISE OF IDEALITY.

If we watch a young child, who is abandoned to his own conceptions for his amusement, we will notice that he *personifies* every article about him, while his fancy may *create*, out of the unseen, imaginary existences that entertain him, as much as living realities. One chair is his horse, another his carriage, and he whips up, canters, gallops and shies, with as much gusto, as though his inanimate chairs were veritable carriage and pony.

Idiotcy rarely manifests this much ingenuity; where it does, its conceptions are oftener real illusions, indicating the presence of insanity. The power to originate ideas does not belong to an

uneducated idiot. He sits in a corner, crouching and listless; he lies in the sun, and whines if you disturb him, or he stands hunch-backed and slavering, sucking his fingers. If possessed with activity, it is oftener in excess, exhibiting itself in wild, unmeaning tossings and leapings.

Twelve months ago, our children during the hours for voluntary play, were most commonly sitting with gaping mouths and dangling arms, about our piazza. Some do so still, but the majority of little ones have found a way to amuse themselves, and under the heading of these paragraphs we could cite many examples. It is true, they will excite little surprise in the parent of ordinary children, but the reader must remember that we are surrounded by poor imbeciles, and that we notice and are encouraged, by every phase, that presents a likeness to the natural child.

Neddie, Alice, Charley J., and Abram, are often found, each with a square block, on which have been apportioned by Ned, a quantity of bits of paper; the block is a plate, and paper is the pudding, an additional block is a cup of tea. They are intently engaged in their mimic meal, and their table talk is chiefly on the quality of the pudding, and the sweetness of the tea.

Charley J. is found, on one occasion, imitating the movement of a pump with one hand, while a block, for a bucket, is held under an imagined nozzle. Abram stands by as horse, and when the bucket is raised to his mouth, gulps down the water with considerable of the horse movement.

The most complete play is "The Doctor," entirely originated among themselves, and frequently repeated.

"Ned" is thrown down in a violent epileptic convulsion, (assumed,) "Frances," called "good old soul," the most matronly, good natured body in the house, acts as nurse. She bathes the forehead, beats the hand, and vociferously calls for the "Doctor." The "Doctor," personified by "Hamil," the personification of tardiness, is very brisk on the present occasion. He rushes through the group around the contorted patient, and proceeds at once, to administer a dose of medicine; the patient is sufficiently conscious to exhibit the most refined disgust for the potion. This case is scarcely relieved before "Alice," assumed daughter of "Mary," demands immediate attention, on account of a "bad fever." The "Doctor" is hurried to the second patient, her tongue is examined and her pulse felt, the patient in the meantime breathing with difficulty,

and moaning piteously. The disease seems contagious; half a dozen victims are prostrated; and the rapid professional movements of the "Doctor," the earnest inquiries and soothing words of the nurse and mothers, and the moans and tossings of the sufferers, afford a most amusing drama.

Such scenes as these are very encouraging to us; they denote an approximation towards that natural imagery of childhood, which ultimately matures itself in the originality of thought, and the independence of action, which characterize age.

BLOCK BUILDING.

A large number of blocks four by eight inches, is the material for a vast fund of pleasure; set up in long curved rows and the first of the series struck, all are successively thrown down. Piled to the utmost reach of a child, and the bottom block removed, the stunning noise is rapture for the idiot boy and girl: the more constructive, accomplish greater things —a companion is stood on the floor and the bricks built as a deep well around him, until his head is

hidden from view; when this is done, the whole group shout with glee at the feat. On one occasion "Lizzie," laid one of the younger children on the floor, arranged his hands, &c., as a person deceased, and surrounded him with a COFFIN of bricks, the shape and proportions of which were perfect. Bridges, castles, houses and paved walks, are frequently attempted with success. One of our inmates of lowest grade, will amuse himself for hours with these wooden bricks.

KRISS KRINGLE

Is a living reality in the minds of most of our children. His home is located in the Snowy mountains; the cold and blows of which, have made him weak in the knees and bent in the back; his face is one of jovial goodness, especially winning to the children, when he presents, in his rough right hand, a Christmas gift, and with a hearty laugh pronounces them "good children." His annual visitation is eagerly anticipated, and when the tramp of his heavy snow boots is heard, descending from the roof, and he

enters with a huge pack at his back, the shouts of merriment are beyond description. Kriss Kringle, in his coarse blanket, heavy snow boots, and pendant icicles, is at once placed in a comfortable chair, and one by one the children approach to bid good morning, and receive each a present. He has so attached himself to one of our boys, that he is very earnest to go and live with him, in his frigid and distant home.

MAGIC LANTERN.

The loan of an excellent instrument, and a fine collection of dissolving views, have enabled us to give entertainment to the children, most admirably adapted to their capacity. The enthusiasm exhibited rivals that of any class of juveniles, and the spontaneous remarks that are made, are often astonishing. Scriptural, historical, and ludicrous scenes are all appreciated in a proper sense; and we find this a most excellent avenue to communicate instruction, that is of the lasting kind.

MUSIC AND DANCING.

We have already alluded to the power of music on the idiotic mind and heart. Tune and time, are in many cases easily acquired, and is made a prominent element in their advancement. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings an hour is devoted to dancing and music, in which many of the children participate. The movements of a cotillion are creditably passed through by some of the more advanced.

DUMB-BELLS TO MUSIC.

This is a beautiful and healthful exercise, and should be introduced into our private seminaries, especially into those for young ladies. A brisk tune is played, and a class of boys or girls keep time to it, by beating the bells. The movements are varied and graceful, involving rapidity and regularity of gymnastic action. Dumb-bells are struck to music in France and Germany; the pupils imitating the movements of their instructor. But Mr. S. J.

Walker, our gymnast, has devised an "alphabet," each sign of which represents a certain stroke or movement of the dumb-bell. Our children read this "dumb-bell alphabet," as a lady her music, while by the ear, they keep time to the musical strain. The advantages to our children, from this system are these: 1. Exercise of important muscles, especially those of the chest and spine. 2. Exercise of the eye and concentrativeness, to follow the written signs. 3. Exercise of the co-ordinating powers, to strike at certain angles and in certain time. 4. It induces an *enthusiasm* among children naturally lethargic, which stimulates to physical exercise when other means fail.

We hope that those interested in education, and particularly those who would unite physical with mental training, will investigate our "Dumb-bells to Music."

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

These are a source of great entertainment and profit to our children. We regret that we have not

a larger stock to furnish them. One of our lowest grade, has so far improved, as to become master of a large St. Bernard dog: ascendency over a brute, has given him equality among his kind: he no longer submits to mal-treatment by his associates, but vigorously takes his own part.

"Clip" is a valuable auxiliary; with the characteristic intelligence of the Alpine dog, he enters into the plays of the children; he is always conspicuous in a race around the grounds, laying hold of a flying garment, or mischievously throwing pel-mel, a lazy standing group. Frequently he will be found struggling with a low idiot for the possession of a rope or stick. Strong and rough, yet kind and harmless, "Clip" is a noble fellow.

"Jacko," poor monkey! departed this life, after fulfilling a monkey's career, on the night of Christmas. He occupied a large share of thought among the children, and his loss was quite feelingly exhibited by several of them. A knoll was selected as his burial place, "where he can be seen from the piazza."* Grubb and Johnnie dropped many tears, as they interred his remains. "Jacko" was considered so good, that one of our little girls surprised us with the inquiry, "Has he gone to heaven?"

* Grubb's remark.

A "cemetery" has been laid out by the boys, in which all the post mortem birds, chickens, pigs, dogs, &c., are interred, and sticks with paper labels, indicate their individual resting places.

The care of poultry, pigeons, &c., can be safely entrusted to them. A brood of chickens, a tame pigeon, or a litter of pups, is often introduced to the school-room; the pleasure excited is delightful to witness; not unfrequently a *mute*, breaks its sealed silence, to utter the name of the creature placed in his arms, or to give expression to the joy that leaps in his bosom for utterance.

A WORD TO OUR BENEVOLENT FRIENDS.

The impression is as prevalent, that an idiot is incapable of appreciating children's sports, as that he is without the pale of education and improvement; and hence he has been abandoned, and his condition, for want of employment, made still worse.

We feel that the intelligent reader of this, our home history, will receive different impressions.

Our more advanced inmates are fond of hoops,

wheel-barrows and wagons, and the lowest idiot in our midst, is delighted with a child's rattle, a penny whistle, or a whip.

Parents who are able, often forget whilst bestowing liberally their holiday toys on their "children at home," that these *stricken ones* enjoy and merit a tithe of the same; and in the many cases of parents, where the ability does not exist to supply these little blessings of childhood, a liberal community might practise on the suggestion of a philanthropic woman of Philadelphia, viz:

"Many *old* toys are displaced annually by the new gifts of a New Year; those slightly damaged toys, might be repaired at trifling expense, and sent to the children in public institutions, where they would shed a holiday gladness, richly compensating the donor's trouble."

CHAPTER XIII.

How we Live.

The following graphic letter, written by a friend, for the "Christian Advocate and Journal," exhibits a true picture of the daily routine of our school operations.

A Visit to the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children.—This humane institution, under the superintendence of Dr. Joseph Parrish, being located at Germantown, a half-hour's ride by rail, from Philadelphia, I concluded to avail myself of a fine morning of last week to visit it; and so well pleased was I, that perhaps a hasty review of what I saw and heard, will be acceptable to the editor and readers of the *Advocate and Journal.* The building, not originally designed for the uses to which it is now appropriated, is situated in an elevated, healthy, and retired spot; it is a large four-story house, inclosed on two sides with a

glass protected piazza, and flanked by a beautiful grove of oak, cedar, and chestnut, a sight of which recalled, even on this cold morning, the time of leaf, shade, and temperate breeze.

The hour for school not having arrived, I was conducted to the office, where the superintendent kindly favored me with a history of the work he was engaged in, and also a programme of the children's daily exercises. They rise at half past five o'clock, and after dressing, in which they are expected to assist themselves as much as possible, they proceed to the school-room at half past six o'clock, where they indulge in light physical exercise; as, moving chairs, blocks, boards, etc., from place to place; this is to cultivate their attention to command, to teach them the names of familiar objects, etc. From eight until nine o'clock, the smaller classes are put at dumb-bell exercise, while the larger boys and girls are engaged with moderate out-door work, bed-making, etc. I was taken to the piazza, from whence the loud clink of dumb-bells was heard through the whole house, and there some twenty children or more, were vigorously plying their bells; the little things evidently enjoyed it, and with remarkable alacrity responded to the command and motions of their leader; from swinging the bells horizontally, before and

behind, in an instant they were elevated above their heads, where being struck a few times, another position was quickly assumed, in obedience to command. At nine o'clock they formed in line, and marched from the piazza to the medicine room, where they each underwent inspection. Many of them being of low physical powers, are under a protracted course of tonics.

At nine o'clock the bell rang for school gathering, and I was ushered into the room, where I found as orderly and quiet a class of children as I ever met with. They were well-combed, washed, and dressed, and in many cases their faces brightened with pleasure, at seeing the entrance of a stranger. Their chairs and desks were neat, of varnished cherry; and the walls were a perfect gallery of pictures. They all sat in silence for a few moments with their arms folded, when at a given signal, their hands clasped, and in concert, they repeated the Lord's Prayer and the 23d Psalm. I noticed that several of the large children engaged in this exercise with closed eyes, and apparently impressed with its solemnity. One of the little girls, "Alice," a bright, mischievous, black-eyed child, as soon as the order for prayer was given, raised her finger above her head, and exclaimed, "To God, in heaven!"

The children were now called up in two files, before the melodeon, and to my gratified surprise, united in chanting the 121st Psalm, as I have seldom heard in the best infant schools. They show, I am told, a great appreciation of music; its soothing powers often control the worst cases when subject to paroxysms of anger; through its medium a large amount of instruction is conveyed, and I am sure any one, to look at them while singing, would say, "they sing with the spirit." Many selections were made, and when the allotted time was up, they faced about, and to a brisk tune, marched to their seats.

Usually at this time, the school distributes itself into three classes, the larger and more advanced children receiving instruction in another building on the premises; the medium class retaining their seats in the general school-room, while a third party, in fair weather, are taken to a gymnasium erected in the grove; in winter to a smaller one in the fourth story. As I had expressed a desire to witness any general exercises they might have, they were all directed to keep their seats.

A geography class was first called up, and it would have put to shame many older and wiser heads, to have listened to the readiness with which they answered a multitude of questions, from an outline map

of the United States. They are exceedingly fond of this study, and always consider it a recreation. It is taught by chorus, a mode by which alone they could arrive at such proficiency. Even the very little children seemed responsive to the larger ones, especially "Alice," who was an echo for every answer made. This child was admitted about a year ago, and from being a repulsive-looking semi-mute, is now as interesting a "chatter-box" as one would find anywhere. Geography finished, what is called "the quiet exercise" was introduced; by this is meant a phonetic exercise for the improvement of vocalization, which has been introduced among them with marked advantage. Even the best cases possess lingual defects, which a protracted course of discipline only can remove; they were always told to be very *quiet* at this time, and hence the name given to it. It was amusing to notice the eager attempts made to imitate the instructor; one poor child, whose only articulate sound was *a*, (long), seemed especially gratified in responding this sound to every given sign. The exercise referred to, is Williams' System of Phonetics, in which a set of perpendicular, oblique, and horizontal, right and curved lines, possess each a certain vocal sound; each sign and sound, by these children is associated with the name of one of their number;

the sign of *d* in date is associated with "doctor," of *g* in gun, with "Grubb;" *ch* with "Charley," etc. Many of the children are able to name a long list of words, commencing with the sound of a given sign, and in this manner learn rapidly to analyze the pronunciation and scope of language.

This concluded, a miscellaneous exercise in form and numeration was engaged in. "James," a most pitiable object, whose ponderous jaws, set with irregular teeth, were always wide open, his eyes fixed on vacancy or staring at the ceiling, and his gaunt body incessantly swaying from side to side; this apparently lowest and most unpromising case in the room, astonished me by naming several geometric figures, when made upon the board, in reading all the letters of the alphabet, and some half a dozen words, and in counting thirty understandingly. When a series of cubes were placed before him, he was told to make an arm-chair, a column, a wall, etc., etc., with them, all of which, with much self-satisfaction, he accomplished. "James" is now regarded a very promising case; apparently the most deplorable and obtuse when he was entered, ten months ago, he is now found to possess a remarkably sensitive and reflecting mind, for this class of children. The poor boy, without advantages of any kind, has

for long years remained under a cloud, which is dispelling before the kindly influences into which he is now thrown. The experience of this school, in the ability of children to become interested in figures, differs from that of other establishments of the kind. Many of the girls have committed addition and multiplication tables to memory, and are beginning to reduce them to practice. Two of the boys are quite correct with their pencils, though not very rapid. "Grubb," in February last, knew not a figure; he now adds and multiplies almost *ad infinitum*. "Alfred," an interesting semi-mute, by processes of his own, exhibits great natural talent for figures, adding, multiplying, and dividing. Some exhibit much taste in drawing. One girl, "Lizzie," is quite original in her way. Her slate of the previous day was shown to me. It was covered with a frost-work of pencil marks, representing such figures as are seen in fine embroidery. She is an excellent seamstress: sheets, pillow-cases, etc., are exhibited as the plain sewing of a class of four girls, while specimens of perforated card-work do much credit to the boys. After being entertained with "The Farmer's Song," in which the children represent the movements of the farmer in sowing, reaping, threshing, etc., the bell for dinner rang. A long table neatly furnished, with a row of

children on each side, sitting in perfect silence while the food was being dished before them, was a sight unsurpassed in the best regulated family of juveniles. The state of discipline is the more remarkable when it is considered that in nearly every instance, when first entered, they had voracious appetites, entirely unrestrained. One exceptional case to the order of the table was presented while I was there. It was a boy who had been but a short time under care, and was a type of the ungovernable habits of some of the children when first introduced. At a signal from a bell, all took their forks properly in their fingers, and commenced eating as deliberately, in most instances, as ordinary children.

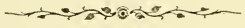
The dining hour through, light exercise on the piazza and block building were engaged in. Some show much aptitude in the arrangement of wooden bricks. One little fellow was lying at full length on a settee, while a bright-faced girl was inclosing him in a coffin made of blocks! Afternoons are generally spent in block building and letter-board exercise by the smaller children, in plain sewing and knitting by the larger girls, and in oral geography and elementary grammar by the boys.

The Sabbath day is observed by appropriate exercises. Psalm recitation and singing, and what the

children call a "sermon," are engaged in, in the morning. What is in effect an experience meeting is held after the sermon; the more advanced pupils, one after another, rise and narrate, first, what they have done that is good, and secondly, what they have done that is bad, for the week past. They are very sensitive to gentle reproof, and their confessions are often accompanied with tears. The advantage of this attention to a form of worship and moral teaching has been very apparent in some instances. One boy, with strong thieving propensities, seems almost cured. He was a moral idiot; but after being taught the character of and his obligations to his heavenly Father; his clothes, his food, his friends as being supplied by him, and the return he should make for all these blessings in being good, he has become very correct in his life, and is one of the most devotional in the school. After a closing hymn, during which all stand, a collection is taken up, and the children, with hats and bonnets on, proceed to the walks, "going home from church." In this way, by the most assiduous care, and philanthropic self-sacrifice, a band of men and women are elevating a helpless and hitherto neglected class of community. The work, at a distance, seems repulsive; but when a sense of Christian charity and duty actuates a mind,

any work for the amelioration of human suffering becomes a pleasure: and so with those connected with this institution. Their testimony is almost enthusiastic; their hopes are not chimerical. That the Divine blessing may rest upon those united in this work is the prayer of the writer.

HUMANITAS.



TO THE READER.—The undersigned has compiled this little narrative with an earnest desire, that its perusal may create a deeper and more active interest in the poor imbecile, who needs protection and demands sympathy: and thus offered to a benevolent Christian public, he will patiently and prayerfully await the accomplishment of its mission.

I. N. KERLIN, M. D.

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